

MACLEAN'S

**HOW THE NEW U.S. GOVERNMENT
WILL AFFECT CANADA**

By BLAIR FRASER

THE HOUSEWIFE WHO WAS A SPY

FEBRUARY 15 1953 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

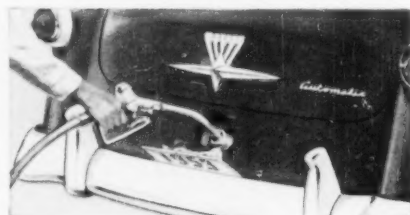
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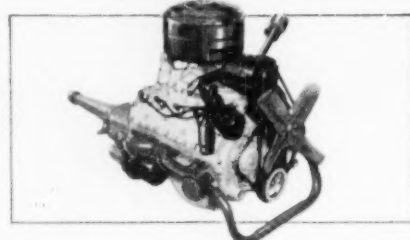
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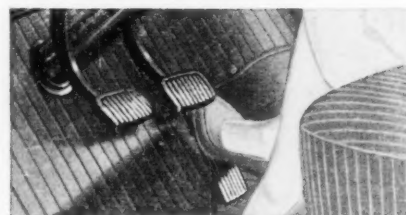
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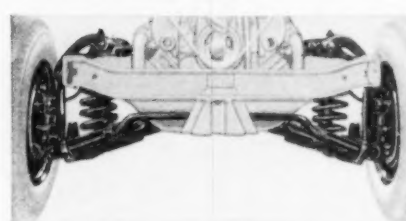
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EDITORIAL

THE DEMOCRATIC ART OF HECKLING

LAST MONTH Mr. Bruce Hutchison, in an article about Canadian politics in an American magazine, took note that "Canada never manages to generate either the anger, the excitement or the exaltation of American elections."

Said Mr. Hutchison: "The Canadian, a subarctic specimen, prefers his politics served cold."

This particular subarctic specimen would like to record a dissent. Heaven knows it is true that we *get* our politics served cold—and not cold like a glass of pop, either, but cold like the soup at a service-club lunch. It certainly isn't true that we prefer it that way. On the contrary, any politician willing and able to serve it hot will have an excellent chance of winning our vote.

We would also take exception, though, to Mr. Hutchison's implication that the model of this improvement is to be found in the United States. Politics may be tepid in this country; in the U. S. it is deep-frozen, wrapped in Cellophane and produced in Technicolor.

For a cheaper and better way to liven up our politics we should look to our other relatives, the British. They still know how to heckle.

In Canada the minute handful of people who go to political meetings at all go only to support their own party. It's a personal favor, to give good old Joe "a good turnout." There they sit, drowsing through the expected platitudes and applauding at the expected moments. Anyone who interrupts is indignantly shushed, if not thrown out bodily.

In Britain fifteen months ago, when Nye Bevan was to speak in a small school hall in Reading, people had to queue up by six o'clock to get into a meeting that started at eight-thirty. Nevertheless the very front row was packed with militant Tories who fidgeted through the brief set speech as they impatiently

waited for the real fun of the evening, the question period.

Of course it was organized—both parties send out teams to heckle opponents—but it isn't the organized booing and clamorous thuggery that occasionally disgrace a Canadian meeting. These people are thoroughly briefed in the most embarrassing questions, schooled in the art of packing the impact of a twenty-minute speech into a single interrogative sentence. And the speakers enjoy it as much as the audience does.

As a minor byproduct this system solves the whole problem of ghost-writing. In Britain the ghost can't walk, for the speaker uses no text. There is no point in handing out a mimeographed release to the Press when every reporter knows that his lead will probably come from the audience. (Old-fashioned as it may seem, British reporters take shorthand notes at political meetings.)

This is democracy, it seems to us. When you get right down to it, what's the difference between a Reichstag *Ja* vote and the docile disciplined applause of a Canadian political rally? Why do we have to sit there and let our politicians get away with the half-truths, the fragile evasions, the orotund hyperbole that are standard equipment of every party's campaign oratory?

But it isn't the politicians' fault, not altogether. They are probably just as bored as we are. It's for us, the voters, to put an end to this fatuous nonsense.

Let's all make a resolution before the 1953 campaign begins: This time, I will go to the meetings of the party I don't like. This time, I will not let doubletalk go by. This time, I will demand that every speaker fill in the gaps in his argument.

It could make a hot summer for the politicians of all parties. But, if they had a chance to try it, they might like it too.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Ken Johnstone, who describes the tragic impact of the Louisville strike on page 16, is big and brawny. When he arrived in the town, strikers and other citizens mistook him for a detective and wouldn't talk to him until he produced credentials to prove he wasn't. After that, they poured out their troubles. In spite of his impos-



Ken Johnstone

ing size and strength, Johnstone is an authority on ballet in Canada and is married to Elizabeth Leese, a dancer well known to stage and television audiences in Montreal. **Chenoweth Hall**, author of *The Forty-Inch Panhandler* (page 18), is a Kentuckian transplanted to Maine. Trained as a musician, she switched to painting. From



Chenoweth Hall

art, she leaped into literature. Besides short stories, she has to her credit one published novel, *The Crow on The Spruce*, and has just completed another. An assist from **Richard Harrington**, who is noted for his camera studies of Arctic subjects, enabled **Oscar** to produce this issue's cover without stirring from his home a few miles from Toronto. Harrington provided the photograph on which Oscar based his painting. He also provided the information that the Eskimo's name is Oolie, that he's an expert char jigger.

MACLEAN'S

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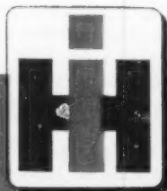
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What about your heart?

PERHAPS no other part of the body has been studied as intensively as the heart. Today new techniques are being developed to reveal more and more facts about how the human heart works.

A great deal has been learned about the sources of energy which enable the heart to perform its Herculean task. The heart must drive five to ten tons of blood through the arteries and veins every day—365 days a year—for the 68 years of the average individual's lifetime. In this period, the amount of blood pumped may reach the impressive total of 250,000 tons. Moreover, the heart must function continuously—resting only a fraction of a second between beats.

Studies in the diagnosis and treatment of heart disease have also led to improvements in the interpretation of heart murmurs, electrocardiograms, and X-ray photographs of the heart and blood vessels. In addition, these studies have brought about a better understanding of the action of heart drugs so that they may now be used with greater benefit to patients. Many other advances have also helped make it possible for doctors to diagnose and treat heart trouble more effectively now than ever before.

Encouraging as this progress has been, the fact remains that heart disease is still the leading cause of death. It is wise for everyone to take certain simple precautions to protect the heart so that it may continue to do its job as one grows older. Here are some of them:

1. Do not wait for the appearance of symptoms that may indicate heart trou-

ble—shortness of breath, rapid or irregular heart beat, pain in the chest—before seeing a doctor. It is wiser to arrange now—while you are feeling well—to have a thorough health check-up. Such check-ups often reveal heart disorders in their earliest stages when the chances for control—and possibly cure—are best. It is wise to have a complete health examination every year—or as often as the doctor recommends.

2. Keep your weight down. Excess pounds tax both the heart and the blood vessels. Doctors are now stressing the importance of diet in the treatment of various heart and blood vessel disorders. For example, restricted diets have benefited many patients.

3. Learn to take things in your stride. Avoid hurry, pressure and emotional upsets that may be brought about by overwork, too much and too sudden physical exertion, and other excesses. These can cause your heart to beat faster and put an extra burden on your circulation.

Even if heart disease should occur, remember that most people who have it can live just about as other people do—but at a slower pace. In fact, when patients follow the doctor's advice about adequate rest, weight control, and the avoidance of nervous tension and strenuous physical exertion, the outlook is reassuring.

Doctors can now say to many heart patients: "If you live within your heart's limitations, your chances for a happy and comfortable life are good."

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BY *Beverley Baxter*



The Warning of High Wycombe

WHAT does a detective do when he is not being baffled? That question is always good for a laugh in an English music hall, or at any rate it was until it grew rather stale. But today in Britain we are inclined to ask, "What does a socialist party do when everybody is a socialist of one sort or another?"

Day after day and night after night I sit in the House of Commons watching Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition work up a towering rage against Her Majesty's Government. They tell us Tories we are putting back the clock. They say we are ancient relics left over from the Victorian and Edwardian eras, and that Churchill is no more than a hairy Briton wielding an axe and painting himself in woad to terrify the savages.

They predict that when the deluded electorate gets its next chance to throw us out we will not only be annihilated but obliterated. The odd thing is that they do not really believe it, and neither do we. No one knows when the next general election will take place but every now and then there is a by-election in which a constituency is able to indicate the trend of public opinion. Such a by-election occurred a few weeks ago when the sitting Tory member, W. W. Astor, was raised to the peerage by the death of his father, Lord Astor. Merely as a matter of interest I should inform you that Bill Astor's mother is the famous Nancy from down South in America.

Bill Astor was not a very formidable MP and had only won the seat in 1951 by a majority of about two thousand. In 1945 and 1950 the constituency, which has the attractive name of High Wycombe, was held by a vigorous young socialist named John Haire, but he lost it in 1951. However, Haire was duly re-adopted for this by-election. Just to add to the historical background may I report that the great Disraeli's country house was in High Wycombe where he was three times rejected by the electors.

High Wycombe is about thirty miles northwest of London. It has one big town with a substantial furniture industry which, at the time of the by-election, was suffering from a measure of unemployment. It also has fifty-two villages spread over a very large area. Lastly it is a dormitory constituency in which hundreds of businessmen go to London for their work and come back to High Wycombe to sleep. In other words this is a constituency that might well be regarded as a cross section of the nation as a whole.



John Haire

Both sides fought with every gun they could muster. Churchill sent a message of good will, Eden did a whistle-stop tour in which he turned on his charm at full voltage, and coming down the scale they sent a dozen Tory MPs, including your London correspondent, to address meetings.

Sizing up the situation I reported to the Boss that we ought to win by a slightly increased majority.

Actually we won by an increased majority of about four hundred, which was small enough yet significant. The socialists fought on an agreed plan. They stressed the unemployment in the furniture industry, they pictured the Tories as the party of Big Business, they denounced everybody who earned more than a thousand pounds a year as parasites living on the sweat and tears of the industrial and agricultural workers. And the verdict of High Wycombe was to send the Tory, John Hall, to Westminster.

To be perfectly fair I must admit that in the fight we played up the split in the Labour Party to the limit. We said that a vote for the socialist was a vote for wild man Bevan. I do not doubt that Bevanism helped us quite a lot. Yet I claim that the vote of High Wycombe was a true picture of what is going on in the minds of the British people at this moment. If it changes I pledge my word I shall report it to you without bias.

The truth is that the Labour Party of Great Britain is finding itself in the same position as motorists were in Britain in 1940 when, since we were expecting an invasion by the Germans, all road signs were removed. In that period I once had to *Continued on page 41*



John Hall



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

at Washington

Ottawa Looks Pretty Stuffy From Here

CANADIANS always hear plenty about it when Washington gets on our nerves. We don't hear about it when we get on American nerves. But viewed from here, Ottawa sometimes looks as stuffy and obstructionist as Washington has looked to us during the long frustration over the St. Lawrence Seaway.

For instance, a few months ago it was announced that part of the RCAF station at Goose Bay had been leased to the United States Air Force. This deal had been agreed upon in principle when the agreement on Newfoundland bases was completed, more than two years ago. Why did it take so long to get the lease signed? Americans reply: "Because Ottawa kept stalling interminably for no good reason."

It is true, and Americans admit, that our previous experience with Newfoundland base administration had not been uniformly happy, and that Ottawa had some cause to be wary about crossing Ts and dotting Is in any document concerning it. It is true, and Americans admit, that they find it hard to understand how sensitive a smaller country, especially an ex-colony like Canada, can be about its own sovereignty. But, even allowing for all that, it's hard to defend some of the examples that Americans cite.

Ottawa, they say, has an exaggerated fear of letting Canadians know that U. S. forces are in Canada. When pay offices were established to serve U. S. personnel at nearby radar stations, Ottawa requested that the Pay Corps men be instructed to wear civilian clothes at all times and to occupy offices as unobtrusively as possible. When Washington wanted to put a U. S. fighter squadron at

Torbay, near St. John's, Nfld., Ottawa wouldn't hear of it—too near the city. People might talk.

As for the fighter squadron now established at Goose Bay, Ottawa handled that whole proposition with tongue.

Until last August the RCAF and USAF both thought a U. S. squadron could come to Goose Bay anyway. Just to make sure, an American general wrote to a friend in the RCAF who checked with External Affairs and wrote back, "Sure, come ahead."

But when cabinet heard about it there was tumult and affright. This would require a new arrangement altogether, they said, and the new arrangement took months of what Washington regards as rather sticky negotiation in which every comma had to be cleared with Ottawa.

The U. S. squadron has been at Goose all along, but while the lease was being negotiated the U. S. flyers weren't "stationed" there, they were merely "conducting training exercises." That meant they couldn't draw allowances for service abroad. But it protected Canadian sovereignty, apparently.

Funniest incident of this nature, and the one Americans most enjoy telling, concerns a U. S. Navy chief petty officer who is in charge of shore patrol in Vancouver, B.C.

Ottawa was shocked on hearing about this sinister character. What was an American shore patrol doing on Canadian soil? Who had authorized this? Why hadn't External Affairs been consulted? Would the U. S. State Department please send fullest information immediately?

The U. S. State Department had never heard of the chief petty officer in Vancouver, *Continued on page 74*



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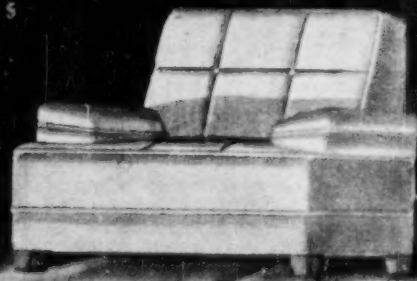
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HOW THE NEW U.S. GOVERNMENT



WILL AFFECT CANADA

By **BLAIR FRASER**
MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

WASHINGTON

LAST NOVEMBER when the United States elected Dwight Eisenhower President, the gloom in Ottawa was thick enough to slice. It began before election day, as the wishful thinking about Adlai Stevenson waned.

"Eisenhower will win," said a senior Canadian civil servant an hour before the polls closed, "and it will be a disaster."

That was a typical comment. It was rooted in memories, still green after twenty years, of what a Republican administration can be like. Under Harding and Hoover American tariff walls were made high enough to bar almost all manufactured goods. Canada had fewer factories then than now,

but the indirect effect was no less severe. Our customers couldn't earn the money to buy our exports. Calvin Coolidge, the silent Yankee who took over when Harding died, was remembered for his comment on the war debt then bankrupting Europe: "They hired the money, didn't they?"

Recent memories were equally painful. Diehard Republicans always seemed to be opposed to what we regarded as the most enlightened acts of the Roosevelt-Truman regime, from the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act of 1935 on down. It was unfair (after all, the Marshall Plan was launched by the Republican Congress of 1946-48) but most Canadians did tend to use "Republican" and "isolationist" as interchangeable terms.

Of course there were "good Republicans" like Ives of New York and Saltonstall of Massachusetts, but in the main these were the younger men. Congress is ruled by seniority. It was a certainty that in a Republican Congress the powerful committees would be dominated by the Old Guard.

These forebodings have come true. The committee chairmen of the eighty-third Congress, with one or two exceptions, are indeed a depressing array. Nevertheless the gloom of last November, far from deepening, has lightened perceptibly. The gravest fear of all turned out to be groundless—the fear that Eisenhower, the political neophyte, had fallen captive to Old Guard Republicanism, led and personified by Senator Robert A. Taft.

Already Eisenhower has proved beyond all doubt that he is running his own show. He has done it so bluntly in some cases as to create new problems that may be serious later on, but he has certainly set up an Eisenhower and not an Eisenhower-Taft Administration. Congress may look as discouraging as expected, but the Administration so far looks reassuring.

A neat example of this contrast is in the field of international affairs. Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee is Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin, who headed the U. S. delegation

Will the Republicans go back to isolationism and high tariffs? This frank look at the "Eisenhower men" and their Old Guard colleagues suggests that fears of a depression make radical changes unlikely

to the United Nations Assembly in the closing weeks of the 1952 session. Senator Wiley looks and sounds like a refugee from the cast of *Call Me Madam*. Many stories about him are told in the delegates' lounge at UN, some of them quite funny but all of them alarming.

Until a few years ago Wiley was known as an extreme isolationist. Lately, and notably since he married a comely Briton, he has become a voluble lip servant of international co-operation, but the faith of this convert has very strict limits. Wiley was one of the advocates of the notorious "cheese rider" to the Defence Production Act—an amendment which forced the U. S. Government to violate its own treaty obligation and bar imported cheese from the American market where it was competing with the cheese of Wisconsin.

But the man actually in charge of American foreign policy, Eisenhower's Secretary of State, is a very different sort.

Did He Double-Cross Britain?

John Foster Dulles has been either delegate or official observer at all but one United Nations Assembly since the organization was founded. He was a member of the U. S. delegation at San Francisco in 1945 when the United Nations Charter was written. He was the principal negotiator of the Japanese Peace Treaty. Thus diplomats of the free world have had a close workaday acquaintance with him for nearly eight years.

Canadians get on well with him. He has a summer place in Canada—an island he owns in the St. Lawrence River, three hundred yards inside the boundary—which may give him a certain interest in Canadian affairs and which does give him a personal relationship with the Canadian Government. He and Mike Pearson are on first-name terms (Dulles is called Foster, not John) and he is also well acquainted with several other members of the present Canadian cabinet.

Not all Foreign Offices are enthusiastic about the new Secretary of State. The British dislike Dulles because they think he double-crossed them in Japan. The understanding was that the Japanese were to have free choice of which Chinese Government they would recognize. Japan chose Chiang Kai-shek. The British are convinced that Dulles exerted pressure on Prime Minister Yoshida to make a decision which Britain regards as idiotic.

"At least one allied government," said a Washington columnist, "will now want to have everything not only in writing, but notarized."

Even Dulles' admirers concede that he has a casuistic streak. Despite a lifelong association with piety he has sometimes employed undesirable means to reach a desired end (e.g., the campaign of rather startlingly invective by which he tried to win a New York Senate seat from Herbert H. Lehman). Friends also admit he has a rather chill and forbidding personality, though even his critics admire his penetrating intelligence.

But, aside from personal pros and cons, Dulles' appointment was reassuring because Dulles has been a maker of American policy for years. He has strong views, but they are known; strong criticisms of his own country's position, but they are often the same criticisms voiced, or inwardly felt, by other nations of the Western alliance.

To cite the most important example, Dulles thinks General MacArthur's decision to drive for the Yalu River in Korea, two years ago last October, was a disastrous mistake. This opinion is shared by all other allied governments and by many individuals in the outgoing American administration. U. S. diplomats said at the time, with every appearance of sincerity, that the intention was to go no farther north than the narrow "waist" of the Korean peninsula, the nearest tenable line of defense.

Dulles' friends say he would adopt this view and make it the means of breaking the Korean deadlock. He thinks it is essential, they say, to provide a specific and final objective in Korea, and this could be it: Push forward to the "waist" by force of arms,

but stop there; proclaim that, as far as the United Nations are concerned, this southern two-thirds of the peninsula shall be Korea. That would relieve China of the perfectly genuine threat of hostile bases on her Manchurian border, and would (Dulles thinks) be a reasonable basis for permanent peace.

Whether any such scheme will ever emerge as official U. S. policy is a matter of pure speculation. Obviously it would not please the "China Lobby," the Syngman Rhee Government in South Korea, or the men who echo their views in the United States.

One friend of Dulles recently said, quite seriously: "It wouldn't surprise me if in a year's time Foster is just as unpopular as Dean Acheson was—and for much the same reasons."

Meanwhile, though, Dulles is in charge. Congressional "wild men" who would risk a major war on the Chinese mainland to restore Chiang Kai-shek to Peking will have little or no influence on American policy. (Indeed, some of them have tamed down remarkably since they have been in power instead of in Opposition.) The broad outlines and objectives of that policy will remain the same.

The outlook for international trade is less encouraging because here the primary power lies with Congress. Tariff laws originate in the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives. Its chairman is Daniel Reed of New York, who is starting his thirty-fifth consecutive year as a Congressman and who stands firmly abreast of Herbert Hoover, or perhaps of William McKinley. Reed is one of the few Republicans left in Congress who personally voted for the Fordney-McCumber tariff law in 1922 and the Hawley-Smoot tariff in 1930.

In the Senate, tariff laws go to the Finance Committee chaired by Senator Eugene Milliken of Colorado. Milliken is one of the ablest men in the Senate—a bald, pale man of owlish appearance and rasping voice, but formidable. He has a narrow but singularly tough and tenacious mind, and real talent for debate. I remember hearing him speak for a crippling amendment of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act in the Republican Congress of 1946-48, and his performance was disconcertingly good.

Milliken is a protectionist. He believes quite sincerely and consistently in protecting the American producer and letting the rest of the world take care of itself. Slogans like "Trade, Not Aid" cut no ice with Senator Milliken.

To questioners Milliken has a pat and plausible answer: "I'm in favor of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act with the 'peril point' escape clause." This is Milliken's own amendment, permitting tariff increases whenever an American producer is threatened by foreign competition. It is pretty difficult to increase sales in the United States without threatening some domestic product, but Milliken says quite bluntly that trade will be limited by the interests of the domestic producer and that there's no use talking about vast increases in U. S. sales to solve the dollar shortage in western countries.

On the Administration side they admit, quite frankly, that prospects for removal of trade barriers are not bright in a Republican Congress. But the Administration's own attitude is sympathetic. American critics have described the Eisenhower cabinet as "eight millionaires and a plumber," and it is true that Eisenhower has drawn heavily on Big Business. It is not true that he has drawn from the ranks of reactionaries.

Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defense, has been president of General Motors. General Motors at Wilson's instigation was the first big company to sign a labor contract with a cost-of-living escalator clause and a bonus for increased productivity. General Motors has a world-wide business and is keenly aware of the importance of world trade. Just after the election the Detroit Board of Commerce issued a formal resolution urging the U. S. to abandon all tariffs and trade restrictions and to adopt free trade. Wilson is a leading figure in Detroit.

"He's a soft-spoken version of C. D. Howe," said a Canadian who knows Wilson fairly well. Neither man would likely object to the comparison, be-

cause they have been friends for several years.

Like Howe, Wilson considers himself a production man and probably, like Howe, will find his patience sorely taxed by politicians. Shortly before the inauguration he visited Washington to confer with his predecessor as Defense Secretary, Robert Lovett. He asked how Lovett apportioned his working time. To Wilson's horror, Lovett said he had to spend more than half his time dealing with Congress and only about ten percent of it dealing with straight production problems.

So there is some doubt about Wilson's aptitude for the wholly new business of handling politicians. There is none about his executive ability or his attitude toward other countries.

Equally pleasing to the few Canadians who had ever heard of him before was George M. Humphrey's appointment as Secretary of the Treasury. Canada has one special reason for being glad—Humphrey is perhaps the strongest backer in the whole United States of the St. Lawrence Seaway project. He is president of the M. A. Hanna Company which put up most of the money for the Labrador iron-ore development.

Steel and coal operators remember Humphrey as the man who "stepped out of line" and paid a wage increase demanded by the United Mine Workers a few years ago because, as he explained to indignant competitors, "we've got to get production going." A publicity-shy man who belongs to few organizations and has few public activities, he has been active in the Committee for Economic Development. The CED is the voice of business liberalism in the United States, as the National Association of Manufacturers is the voice of conservatism.

Humphrey was originally described as "the Taft man" in the Eisenhower cabinet, apparently because he comes from Ohio where almost all businessmen are supporters of Senator Taft. Then it turned out that Taft knew nothing about Humphrey's appointment and didn't much like it. To many people, this too was a recommendation for Humphrey. It helped to allay fears that Eisenhower had surrendered to Taft at that famous breakfast in the Eisenhower home during the election campaign.

Taft at Boiling Point

But the classic demonstration of Eisenhower's independence was another appointment, one which might otherwise have attracted little or no attention.

Martin P. Durkin, the new Secretary of Labor, is a plumber. Of late years he has been national president of the plumbers' union, which entitled him to a luxurious paneled office and a salary high enough to support a house in the well-to-do Washington suburb, Chevy Chase. But he started life as a working plumber, two of his sons are practicing that craft in suburbs of Washington today, and Durkin himself puts on no airs. He has never been prominent in labor disputes but has made his way by speaking softly, finding compromises, smoothing over difficulties. He was perhaps the least known of top-ranking labor leaders in the U. S.

Eisenhower didn't know him either, but he needed a Roman Catholic to balance his cabinet. Eisenhower had already decided to go back to the old Republican custom of choosing the Secretary of Labor from labor's own ranks. He would have liked a labor leader who was also a Republican, but no such person could be found. Durkin was a moderate, relatively inactive Democrat. He was respectable, and he was a Roman Catholic. He got the job.

Senator Taft boiled over. "An incredible appointment," he said in a formal statement to the Press. At Eisenhower's request he had submitted a list of suggestions for the various cabinet posts, not one of which had been followed. But this choice of a Democrat who had openly supported Adlai Stevenson, and openly opposed the Taft-Hartley labor law, struck "Mr. Republican" as political lunacy.

Continued on page 68

EISENHOWER'S CABINET CHOICES REASSURED MANY WORRIED CANADIANS



JOHN FOSTER DULLES

Dulles, Secretary of State, gets on well with Canadians but is disliked by the British. He is expected to restrain the Republican "wild men." Wilson, the new Secretary of Defense, former GM president, is keenly interested in world trade.



CHARLES E. WILSON



MARTIN P. DURKIN

Durkin, Secretary of Labor, is a Democrat union leader. Taft called his choice "incredible." The appointment was perfect evidence of Ike's independence. Now Secretary of the Treasury, Humphrey is Liberal, a backer of the Seaway.



GEORGE M. HUMPHREY

IN CONGRESS POWERFUL OLD GUARDSMEN MAY DILUTE IKE'S GOOD WILL



ROBERT A. TAFT

Taft, as leader of the Senate, can exert his influence on any legislation. He offered Eisenhower a slate of cabinet choices—not one made the grade. Any new tariff laws will go through Sen. Milliken, known as a strict protectionist.



EUGENE MILLIKEN



DANIEL REED

Reed, congressman for thirty-five years, heads vital Ways and Means Committee. He voted for tariff laws of 1922 and 1930. Wiley is now chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee. He used to be an extreme isolationist.



ALEXANDER WILEY



Bluenoses, with their seafaring history, love snowy canvas and a spanking breeze. The Royal Halifax Yacht Squadron is a proud Nova Scotia institution.

Karsh's Halifax

Warden of the Atlantic

Sea and war have shaped the destiny of

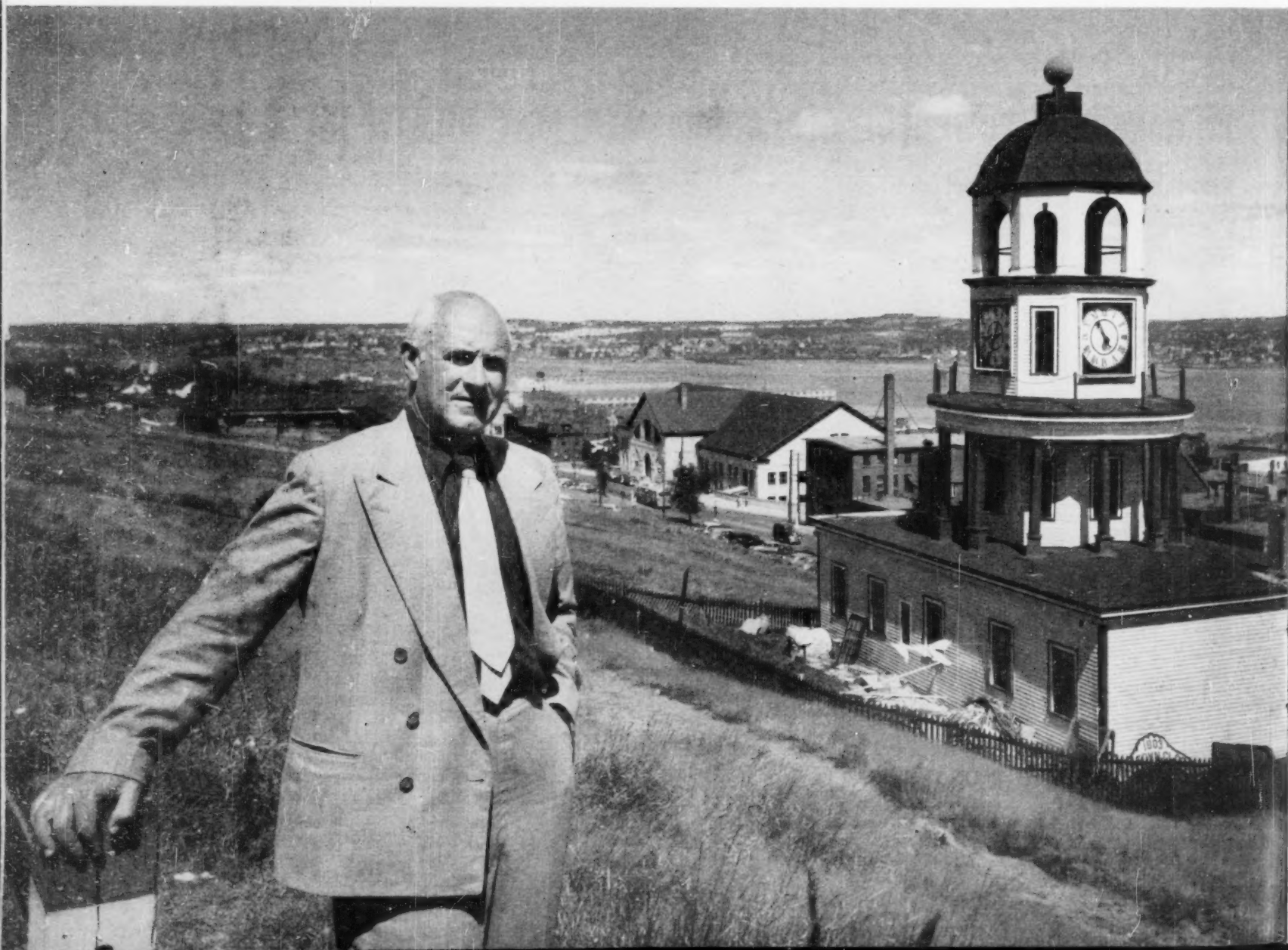
Nova Scotia's salty old capital

which stands guard over shipping lanes

IN HALIFAX, Yousuf Karsh felt the heartbeat of a city in the surging of the sea. Avoiding the more obvious features of Nova Scotia's two-hundred-year-old capital, such as its graceful colonial government and university buildings, the famous photographer spent days prowling happily up and down the waterfront. He was fascinated by the constant movement and the ever-changing play of light and shadow on the face of the busy harbor. Passenger liners, glamorous ocean queens, came and went as he watched. So did tramp steamers. Warships passed, grey and formidable, and submarines idled on the surface like sharks basking in the sun. Trawlers, in from the banks, disgorged their catches of silvery cod and flounders while white gulls circled overhead. Sailing yachts scudded by and tugboats strained and puffed at

their endless chores. To Karsh, all this symbolized Halifax, the story of which is essentially a story of the sea. Unlike cities which owe their existence to farm, forest or mineral wealth or to manufacturing skills, Halifax was sired by a natural harbor big enough to shelter half the world's shipping. On the Nova Scotia peninsula, well out in the Atlantic, the basin controls the principal navigation routes between Europe and North America. British military policy dictated the establishment of a settlement at this vital spot and Halifax has ever since exerted an influence on history. A fortress which has become a seat of government and higher education, Halifax is also a trading and industrial centre, a busy Maritime metropolis. Karsh doffed his black felt hat to its cultural traditions and its enterprise, but found its heart on the waterfront.

Author Thomas H. Raddall often writes of Nova Scotia's past, so Karsh photographed him on historic Citadel Hill. The old clock has ticked since 1803.





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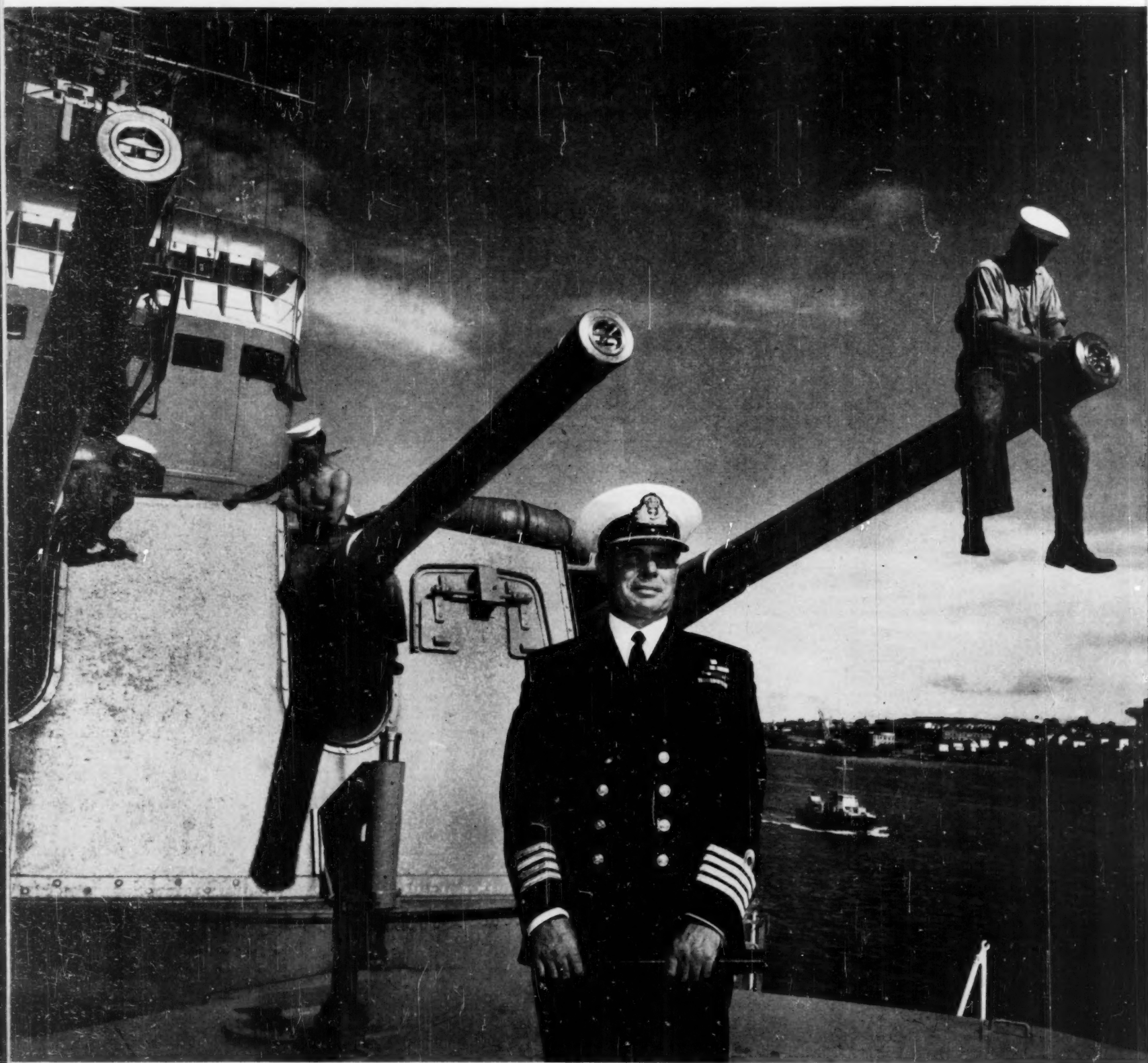
A century ago Nova Scotians built a wooden fleet which carried their fish and lumber around the world. Now, adapting old skills to a new age, they fashion steel naval vessels.

Karsh's Halifax *continued*



Seadogs of the Atlantic

Nelson's finest traditions still shine brightly
at a naval base that changed Canada's history



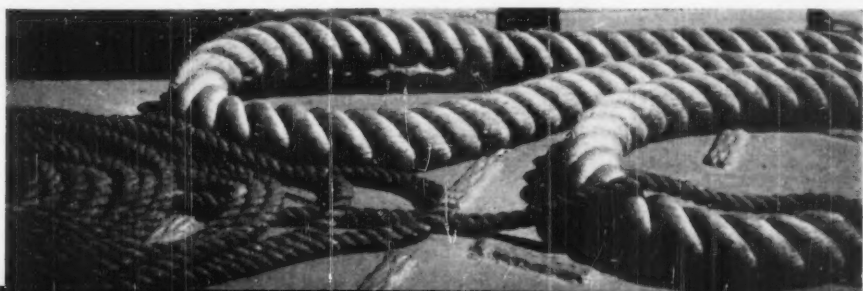
Karsh caught Captain Patrick Budge, commander of HMCS Quebec, in a characteristic pose under the cruiser's big guns. Budge has spent his life in the navy.



"Nelson's Blood," strong dark rum, is an old nautical tradition. Here Karsh records the look of happy anticipation that spreads over the faces of sailors as they line up to draw their daily ration from an oak cask and toast the Queen in true navy fashion.

IN PEACE as in war, Halifax is crowded with sailors, for the old port city is the chief naval base on Canada's Atlantic coast. In the Dockyard, Yousuf Karsh watched tars coiling ropes, polishing guns, scrubbing decks, lining up for rum rations. Other tars had done these same things in this same place in momentous times when Halifax was changing history. One of these times was when Halifax was the springboard of Britain's campaigns to defeat the French in North America. Another

was when Halifax was the only strong fort preventing George Washington's forces from overrunning what is now Canada. A third was when Halifax was a cannon pointed at New England in the War of 1812. More recently, in two world wars, Halifax has been the great convoy port on this side of the Atlantic. Karsh breathed the atmosphere of the ancient Dockyard, was moved by the proud spirit of our seafighters, and captured his impressions with his perceptive and imaginative lens.



The navy of today doesn't need wooden figureheads.

Karsh's Halifax *continued*



At the fish wharves of Halifax the good things of the sea are landed by schooners and trawlers which reap a rich harvest in Nova Scotia waters.

Harvesters of the Atlantic

Today, as for two centuries past, rugged Bluenose fishermen outfit their ships and land their catches at Halifax

HALIFAX is more than a naval base, more than a gateway for Canada's imports and exports, more than a shipbuilding centre. As one of the great fishing ports of the Atlantic coast it helps feed the world. A rich harvest of cod, flounder, halibut, haddock and other species pours over the city's wharves to be smoked, salted or frozen in sprawling processing plants and sent off to markets in half a hundred countries. On the waterfront,

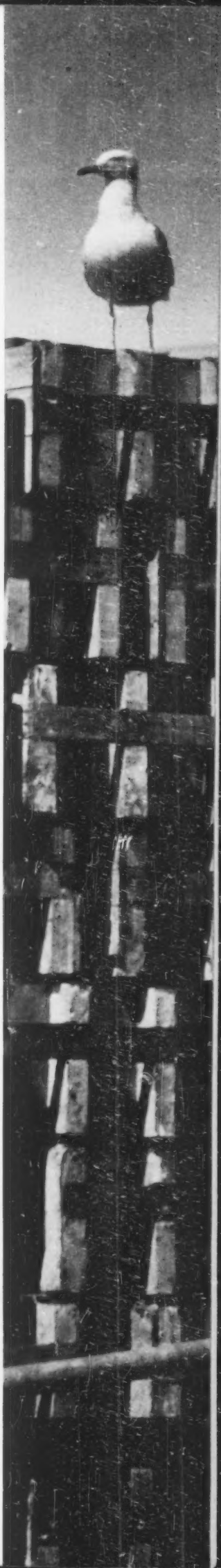
where so many of the eighty-six thousand people of Halifax earn their living, trawlers and schooners from the fishing grounds lie between warships and luxury liners with famous names, and fish-skimmers in work-stained clothing rub elbows with sailors in smart uniforms and brawny longshoremen in dungarees. Studying the waterfront workers with his artist's eye Yousuf Karsh found they had "strong wonderful faces—real character." ★



These are the faces of the Halifax waterfront, bronzed by the salt wind, etched by the salt sea.

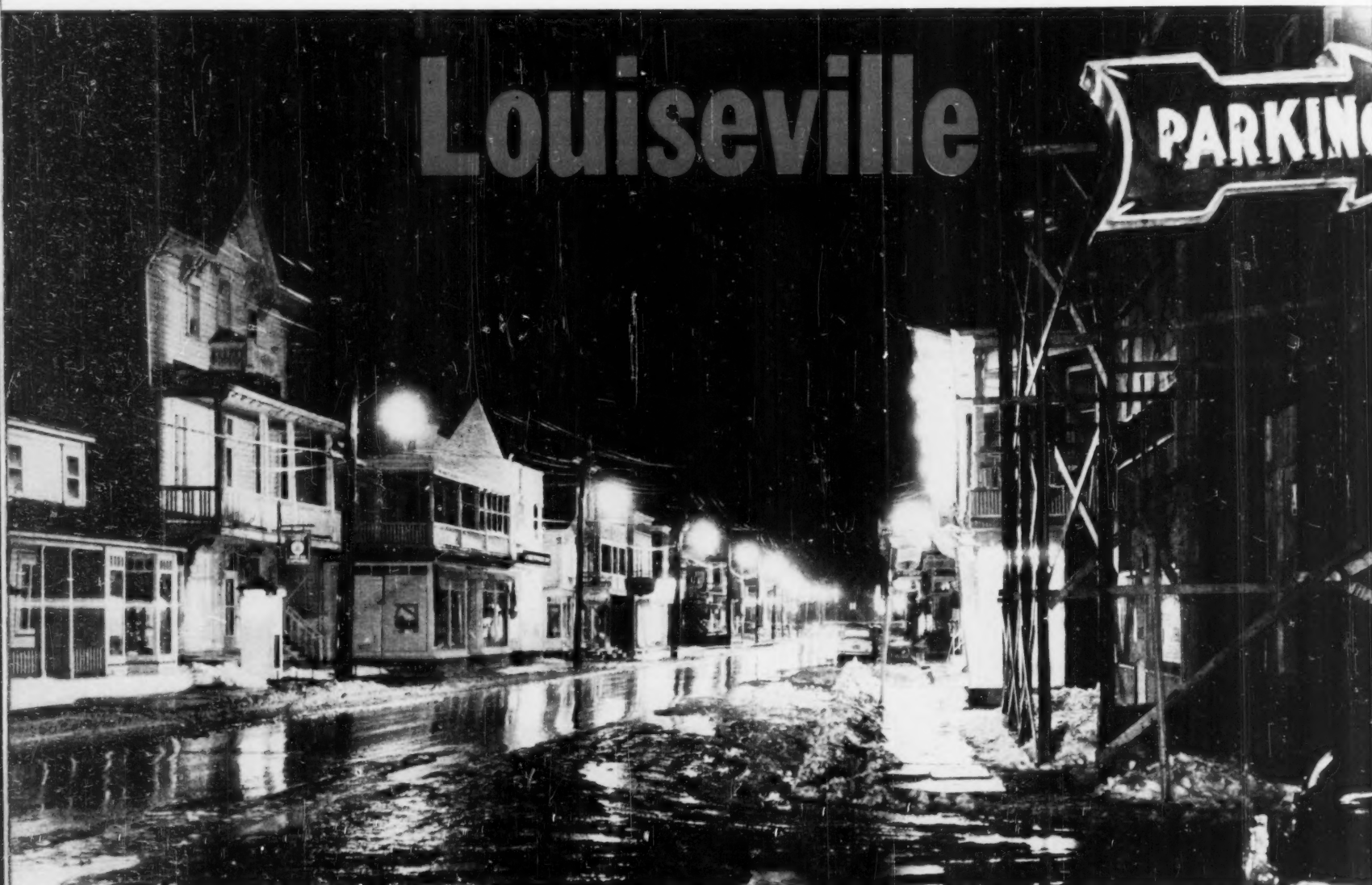


Karsh, famous for his portraits of celebrities, also finds character and strength in the common man.



WHAT THE STRIKE DID TO

Louiseville



Curfew came down at nine o'clock in Louiseville. The slushy streets were empty and ominous.



Special officer Paul Benoit, Quebec Provincial Police, at request of photographers, recreates his reading of Riot Act to parading strikers.

The frightening violence that flared after police read the Riot Act made a ghost town of Louiseville and set off one of the worst labor battles in Quebec's history

BY KEN JOHNSTONE

THE RIOT ACT and the nine-o'clock curfew were still in force when I got to Louiseville the first time. The bus from Montreal to Quebec makes only one stop there, twenty miles short of Three Rivers on No. 2 highway. I got off at the Restaurant A l'Aurore to walk the extra two blocks to the Chateau Louise, which is also situated on the main street, where the highway becomes *rue St. Laurent*. Walking briskly through the semi-gloom of the winter's evening I was conscious of other solitary figures making their way along the street, the occasional automobile and horse and sleigh; but there was little in the atmosphere to indicate that Christmas was just a week away. Outside the offices of the provincial Department of Agriculture, a cardboard model of

the Manger scene, with the cut-out figures of Mary, the Christ Child and the Three Wise Men stood ignored in the chill night air as the few citizens on the street went about their business with almost furtive speed.

Just a week before, on Dec. 11, at the plant of the Associated Textile Company, a strike of the Catholic Textile Syndicate, then of nine months and one day's duration, had flared into bloody violence with the reading of the Riot Act by special officer Paul Benoit, of the Quebec Provincial Police. Some forty provincial police had put the strikers to flight and one striker had been shot through the neck.

Twenty-seven people were arrested that day. Of these, eight pleaded guilty to taking part in an



Through the long hungry strike the picketers were fed by girl strikers in a union canteen. A man with nine children drew fifteen dollars a week in strike pay; single men drew five.

illegal assembly and were fined a hundred dollars each. Seven were subsequently released, and the remainder were referred to later hearings in the trial courts.

Since that time, with the Riot Act in force, citizens had been forbidden to assemble in groups of more than two and everyone was forbidden to be on the streets after nine o'clock in the evening without legitimate reason. Automobiles entering the town were stopped and searched; the provincial police had announced the discovery of a quantity of dynamite fuses and caps in a cupboard in the union hall. The atmosphere when I arrived was tense.

I checked in at the Chateau Louise, which sheltered special officer Paul Benoit and some of his men and was the social centre for most of the Associated Textile Company's American managerial staff. In a yard behind the hotel, dynamite had been exploded on the night of Dec. 8 to wreck a parked bus.

Louiseville can be completely covered in a brisk hour's walk. Its population of forty-one hundred

lives mainly in clapboarded homes that stretch along the highway and for a few blocks back on either side. The St. Lawrence River lies about two miles to the south. In the northeastern corner of Louiseville, along a CPR siding, a low rambling red-brick structure with one modern concrete wing, dominated by a black-painted water tower, houses the town's chief industry, Associated Textiles. I saw a couple of provincial police cars and a patrol wagon as I walked by the plant, but there were no strikers visible. On the side of a little shack across the road from the concrete wing of the plant I saw a brave sign, *Les Affaires Sont Bonnes*, and another more pointed: *Nous Sommes en Grève. Ne Soyez pas Judas*. (We are on strike. Do not be a Judas.) On my first morning's walk I did not encounter more than a dozen people.

Most of the Louiseville merchants are located on the main street, *rue St. Laurent*, as is the town's second industry, Empire Shirts, in the west end of the town. Along with Louiseville Pulp, Laminated Structure Company, Rose Dress, and Ideal Children's Wear, it accounts for perhaps four hundred and fifty employees, or barely half of those normally employed at the Associated Textile Company.

The main street of Louiseville cannot be distinguished from any other main street in Quebec. It has its People's Store, its Post Office, Bell Telephone, department stores, restaurants, pool halls, even Louiseville Electric selling television sets, and its Royal Theatre. Finally, it has its great grey twin-spired church, *Eglise St. Antoine de Padoue*, with its schools, presbytery and parish hall nestling close to its protecting wing. The church is situated almost exactly between the rival camps; the plant of Associated Textiles to the north, and the two-story clapboarded building of the Syndicate to the south. Part of the lower floor of the Syndicate shelters the local police force of two members, and adjacent is the town fire hall, union members providing most of the volunteer fire brigade.

On the modest little streets leading off St. Laurent I counted about ten signs in the windows and on walls of houses: *A Louer* or *A Vendre*. People were moving.

One of these was Louis Boisvert, who had his house for sale. He had been on strike and then went back last July when the plant reopened. There was no food in the house, no coal or wood. He worked for a month and he earned a little money. One morning he came out to find that his tool shed behind the house had been overturned. Louis quit his job. He is moving away.

"No matter how it works out," he says, "there will be only bad feelings. Continued on page 58

Cops and Strikers began as Pals, but ended as Enemies



As the months of walkout dragged by, the police played horseshoes with the picket.



As the tension tightened, a group of strikers near the plant was ordered to move along.



Driven sixty-seven miles to Montreal, an arrested striker runs gantlet into HQ of Provincial Police. Eight pleaded guilty.



Adrian Dumas, a striker, was shot in the neck during fighting. Injured workers jammed the offices of Louiseville doctors, strikers say.



"I'll slit your throat!" she raged. And the waiting room was jammed.

THE FORTY-INCH PANHANDLER

On the snowy corner
or in his own surgery
the good doctor was no match
for the gypsy kid
with the appealing eyes

By CHENOWETH HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM WINTER

HE HASN'T grown a mite since I first noticed him one afternoon two years ago in front of the Garrity, a cheap movie house. "Gimme a nickel, Mister? I want to see the show."

I felt down in my pocket. He was such a tiny boy—I should say forty inches tall—little brown face and snapping brown eyes that were like the seeds of a tiger lily. "Here you are, son." I gave him a quarter. It seemed there was barely enough of his hand to hold it.

It was a cold day; snow was in the air in hard brisk swirls like salt in the wind. The quarter from my pocket was warm and I could feel it warm the palm of his cold little hand.

"Go in the movies now, son. Get out of the cold." I glanced instinctively at his feet. He was fairly well shod, and they turned up at the toes a bit like kid's shoes do. His corduroys were incredibly narrow and tiny. I took him in and then without another thought, for it was useless to worry about someone for whom you could do nothing, I wheeled myself round to go into the sporting-goods store. It was ice-fishing time and the lakes were frozen to a good fourteen-inch depth so it was safe now to drive the car out on the lake and spend a quiet hour sitting in the car sipping a highball while you waited for your signal to flash. I needed some new lines and a couple of signals. The boy had turned and stood as though he were studying the billboard pasted on the brick exterior of the theatre, but I could see he was still watching me furtively. I stepped into the door of the shop and glanced back at him.

That was all, except when I came out of the store he was on the diagonal corner pulling the arm of a man in a big grey overcoat and looking up into the man's face with his little brown hand stuck out in front of him. The man reached into his pocket as I had done and put something into his palm. I watched the kid watch the man out of sight. Then he took to his heels and ran down Main Street, cut across through the streetcars and dodged into the narrow little cubby of a store between Kum Inn and a newspaper stand. The show window of the place he went into was hung with a wrinkled canvas on which was painted a huge hand with lines and numbers across the palm and fingers. It covered the whole glass. In the other window was the picture of a man's head about five times life size with veins running through the top. A big sign made of canvas and very torn from the wind hung across the entry way: Palmist.

I stood for a minute on the other side of the street and as I stood there a woman appeared in the narrow door, completely obstructing the entrance with her hands on her hips and her elbows touching the frame of the door on either side. She had exactly the same face as the little boy. Her eyes were like the seeds of a tiger lily too. She stood swaying slightly from side to side so that I could almost hear the hoop earrings rattle. Her skirt was of yards and yards of yellow stuff with red figures in it and it was banded around the bottom with strips of red and green. There was a scarf wound around her head.

In a minute, like a little chicken darting out from under the wings of a hen, the gypsy boy came out into the street again. She didn't even look down to see him. She just shuffled herself as he passed and stood swaying in the doorway for another moment and then abruptly went inside.

After that day I would almost always *Continued on page 54*





Now twenty-eight, Mrs. d'Artois is a keen IODE member. She has been described as "a mixture of Jeanne d'Arc, Mata Hari and Mrs. Miniver."

SONIA WAS A SPY



While her much-decorated husband is in Korea, Sonia watches over (left to right) Tina, Nadya, Michel and Bobby. Oldest is seven.

Pretty Sonia d'Artois, like thousands of other Quebec City housewives, works happily at home with her four children. Even her neighbors



Sonia and Guy d'Artois wed after they graduated from spy school. Then war parted them.

By MCKENZIE PORTER

PHOTOS BY DAVID BIER

THE youngest and perhaps the most beautiful secret agent dropped behind enemy lines by the British Intelligence Service during World War Two lives today with her four bouncing Canadian children in an eighteenth-century house on the historic Rue St. Louis in Quebec City.

Guarding the front door are two ancient French cannons, each with its tray of well-polished shot, and these are fitting symbols of the tenant's audacious and adventurous life. For five perilous months she lived in Occupied France under the code name Blanche. Her real name, had she borrowed it from some baroque extravaganza by Rafael Sabatini could not have sounded more suitably heroic. It is Sonia d'Artois.

At nineteen Sonia graduated from a British school of espionage, sabotage and guerrilla warfare, parachuted into the thick of Rommel's Atlantic Wall defenses, and there engaged in spectacular feats of disruption while flirting with unsuspecting German officers.

A few days before embarking on this mission she married a Canadian classmate, now Major Guy d'Artois, DSO, GM, Croix de Guerre.

Prohibited from serving together, lest the Gestapo should gain an opportunity of torturing a wife in front of her husband, they jumped into France separately, on different nights, many miles

apart, and neither knew until after the liberation of Paris whether the other was alive or dead. After a few years of reunion gunfire parted them once more. For the last twelve months Guy d'Artois has been serving with the Royal Twenty-Second Regiment, the renowned Van Doos, in Korea.

Now twenty-eight, Sonia plays with her children, darns socks, washes dishes, makes beds, goes shopping and bears with proud serenity all the anxieties and social restrictions of a wife whose husband is in action abroad. She is a lanky, slender, tweedy English blonde with the low-heeled stride of the southern counties. Her turned-up nose and pink and white complexion are strengthened by a firm mouth and chin. Her wide hazel eyes sparkle with good cheer.

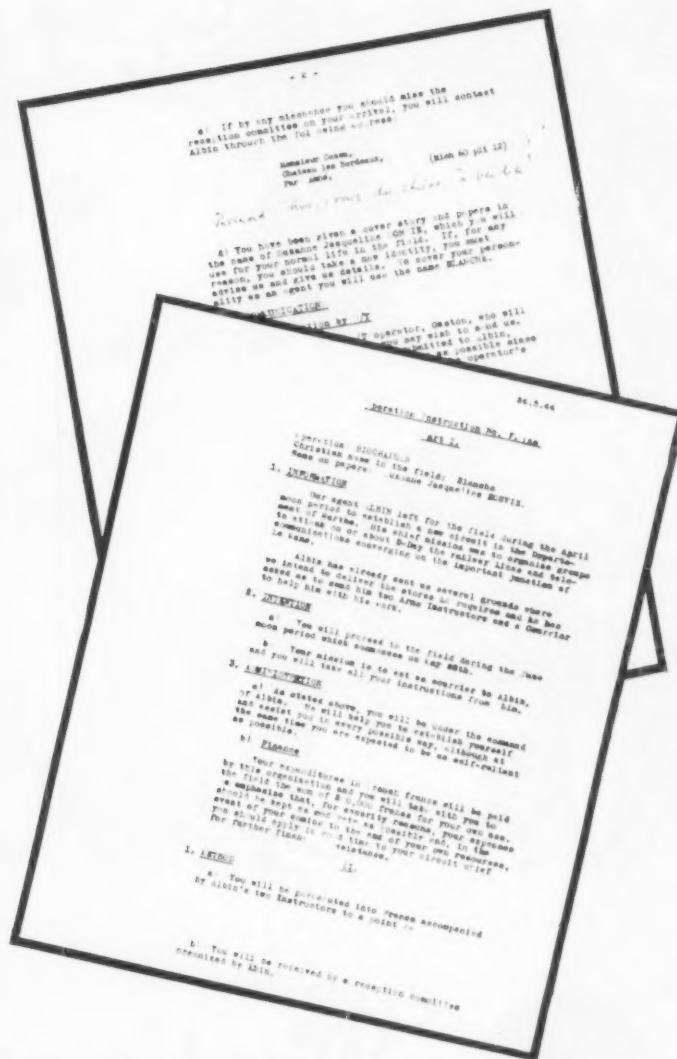
Usually she dresses in simple country clothes but when she puts on warpaint she could easily be mistaken for a model of Swiss or Hungarian extraction. One of Sonia's friends has described her as "a mixture of Jeanne d'Arc, Mata Hari and Mrs. Miniver."

The drama of her undercover military record which, for security reasons, has never been revealed in detail before, lies not only in what she did but why she did it. Although she has no French blood Sonia has been from childhood a staunch Francophile. She was born Sonia Butt, at Eastchurch, Kent, England, in 1924. Her father, Group Captain L. A. K. Butt, was a regular RAF officer. Her mother, who was delicate, spent much time in the south of France.

Sonia was educated in France and finished up



Sonia, whose code name was Blanche, gets set for a training jump. When the real thing came along she almost dropped on top of a Nazi convoy.



Her operation instructions don't mention the daily danger of being behind the enemy lines. But Sonia was never questioned.

don't know that at nineteen she parachuted into Occupied France and brushed death every day for five months as a British secret agent

in boarding school at Vannes, on the Brittany Peninsula. She became familiar with the regions where the great battles following D-Day would be fought. Her French was pure. She says she felt just as much French as English. When in 1940 Winston Churchill offered the crumbling French nation joint citizenship with Britain Sonia says her reaction was one of "joy and pride."

At that time she was fifteen. A few weeks earlier the Germans had broken through at Sedan. All the British in France began streaming for the Channel ports. As was customary in the case of minors Sonia had no passport of her own, being registered on her mother's passport. Her mother was then on a trip to England.

Sonia had no money. The mails weren't coming through. No British were allowed to re-enter France. All who left were subjected to close scrutiny. If ever there was a time when documents were vital this was it. Most girls would have considered themselves trapped. But Sonia cajoled her headmistress into lending her the fare and talked her way aboard a special train carrying British refugees to Calais. Jostled and ignored by the other fugitives she found herself, a lonely but well-composed adolescent, up against the French emigration barrier with no authority to pass. She was pushed aside while hundreds of others pressed by. She was the last to be examined. She talked her way around the officials and jumped aboard the last packet for England as the gangway was being raised. At Dover she talked her way through British immigration.

"In France," Sonia explains today with a faint smile, "a girl matures earlier than in England."

For two years she went to school in England. At seventeen she bluffed her way into the WAAF, the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, twelve months under the legal age. But Sonia soon discovered that clerking as an AC2 in an RAF plotting room failed to match her dreams of martial valor. Another girl in her squad, Paddy O'Sullivan, who also spoke perfect French, said, "We are wasting our time here." One day Paddy disappeared. Sonia made enquiries. The manner in which she was advised to forget Paddy alerted her to the existence of opportunities she was seeking.

She visited her father who was then a staff officer at the Air Ministry and asked him to pull strings. After she had pestered him for weeks he yielded. In the middle of 1943 Sonia was summoned to a luxurious apartment in central London. It was famous throughout the intelligence service for its opulent black bathtub.

This was the headquarters of a unit officially termed the French Section of the Western European Directorate of the Ministry of Economic Warfare, but always described by its members as "the Firm." The boss of "the Firm" was a British officer, Colonel Maurice Buckmaster. His job was to train parachutists for liaison duties with the Maquisards in France. More than four hundred men and about fifty women entered France under Buckmaster's command by parachute, small aircraft, rubber dinghy, fishing boat or submarine.

All were British subjects *Continued on page 43*



Daughter Nadya's proudest possession is this Japanese doll, sent back home by her father.



BY BOB COLLINS



What's so funny about glasses?

Some people burst into laughter over bifocals;
to others the monocle is sidesplitting.
Cartoonists make a living hiding them from professors.
And six million Canadians can't read the comics without them

AT BEDTIME tonight six million bespectacled Canadians will brush the cookie crumbs from their nightshirts, finish a chapter of a whodunit, snap off the light and go to sleep. Some will forget to remove their glasses, bend the frames as they slumber on their faces and wake up looking two ways at once. A few will put their glasses on the floor beside the bed and step on them when they get up, pulverizing twenty-five dollars' worth of lens and frame. Most will weather the night without incident, but may easily run into trouble tomorrow, for man hasn't had much peace since he first perched a pair of magnifying lenses on his nose seven centuries ago.

In Los Angeles, for example, Harvey Bornstein is still looking for the stranger who stopped him on the street, plucked off his spectacles, made Harvey count the number of fingers he held up, then broke the frame in half and stalked away muttering, "You don't need glasses."

A housewife in Winnipeg took home a friend's glasses by mistake, assumed they belonged to her ten-year-old son and made him wear them all winter, in spite of his plaintive protest that he couldn't see across the room.

Millions of other lens wearers are merely bemused by the way their spectacles get lost, dropped, sat on, steamed up, smeared up and mixed up. Even the people who can't see without them are rarely





Cartoonist George Feyer, obviously in the pay of the Optometrists' Trust, shows how disaster makes passes at folks who scorn glasses

grateful. Most glasses wearers share the sentiments of a tombstone inscription in Florence, Italy:

1317

HERE LIES SALVINO OF
THE FAMILY ARMATIE OF FLORENCE,
THE INVENTOR OF SPECTACLES
MAY GOD FORGIVE HIS SINS.

Men spatter their glasses with lather when they shave, yet can't see the mirror if they take them off. Some absent-minded souls wear them into the shower. Others push them up on their foreheads like Venetian blinds, then forget where they've put them. Babies rejoice in dashing them to the floor. Photographers hate them because the lenses cast glints and shadows on their subjects' faces. Housewives who bend over steaming roasts come up with a greasy soap-defying sludge on their windshields.

Friends who don't wear glasses themselves love to borrow them, try them on, peer at themselves in the mirror and delight their mothers and girl friends. Then, since only a practiced wearer knows the delicate art of handling glasses by their frames, he usually gets his lenses back stamped with a set of thumbprints.

Sometimes glasses even thwart romance. Bespectacled couples who dance cheek to cheek,

sometimes lock frames and have to be chiseled apart at the end of a waltz. Courtships may wither and die if every good-night kiss is punctuated by the clash of lenses and frames.

Nevertheless, glasses aren't always a handicap in love. In 1945 the Canadian Institute for the Blind sent an expedition to the Arctic to fit Eskimos with eyeglasses. At Pangnirtung, on Baffin Island, they found a native in his thirties who couldn't see well enough to hunt, therefore could not support a family and was getting the cold shoulder from the local girls.

Optometrist A. H. Tweedle, of Midland, Ont., fitted the patient with lenses in a sturdy gold-filled frame, restoring both his eyesight and his status as an eligible bachelor. Word came through later that he soon found a wife.

Spectacles can even bolster your personality. In an experiment at Purdue University, psychology students studied photos of men and women both with and without glasses and rated the subjects by the characteristics revealed in their faces. Glasses wearers were invariably rated higher in dependability, integrity, industriousness and honesty.

Although there is no official count, Sydney Hermant, an executive of the Imperial Optical Company, estimates that three out of five Canadians wear glasses. More conservative estimates, based on statistics of the American Optometric Association, are that forty - three percent of

Canada's fourteen million people—at least six million—wear spectacles all or part of the time.

If you don't wear them now you probably will later. According to the Better Vision Institute of America twenty-three percent of children under fifteen, ninety-five percent of adults over sixty, and six out of ten of all ages combined need spectacles.

Generally spectacles are worn to correct one of the five most common visual defects: astigmatism, myopia or nearsightedness, hypermetropia or farsightedness, presbyopia and muscular imbalance. Presbyopia (middle-age sight) occurs when the crystalline lenses in the eye lose their elasticity and can no longer adjust for near objects.

"Everyone's focusing power begins to decline at about ten years of age and continues until about forty," says Dr. O. B. Richardson, Toronto oculist. "Between forty and fifty the average person needs spectacles for close-up work."

To correct one or a combination of these faults spectacles wearers have access to single-vision lenses, bifocals or trifocals (for reading, mid-distance and full-distance vision) in about ten million different prescriptions and nearly one hundred different shapes of frames.

In the days when a frame had no sex appeal the lens was all that mattered. Spectacles were square or round; frames were plain metal and their wearers peered throughout life with a perpetually startled expression. Small girls

Continued on page 34





Alderman Lane works late. "I think women have a big role to play," she says. "I decided to play mine."

Ubiquitous is the Word for Abbie

Abigail Amanda Lane, after eighteen years' comfortable domesticity, launched a freewheeling career on a dare. Now one of the best-known women in the Maritimes she has warned a bemused Halifax that she intends to be the first woman mayor in the history of that ancient city

By DAVID MacDONALD

PHOTOS BY EDWARD A. BOLLINGER

WHEN in Halifax, the first thing a stranger is likely to see or hear about is Citadel Hill, which sits up high and overlooks the harbor. The second is Abigail Amanda Lane, a fifty-four-year-old woman-about-town who overlooks nothing.

Ubiquitous is the word for Abbie. In a single day, maintaining a pace generally left to coolies, it is possible to catch her at the microphone of two of the city's three radio stations, shopping at the corner grocer's, addressing a service-club luncheon, pouring at a tea, rehearsing a stage play, hearing her fourteen-year-old daughter's homework and arguing with the men at City Hall, where she is an alderman. She also manages eight hours' sleep and breakfast in bed.

Mrs. Lane is a well-corseted pleasant-looking woman whose blond hair is liberally traced with grey. Her face is lined but youthful and her step is quick, almost jerky. She wears a hat as often as she wears shoes, which gives the constant impression that she's about to be somewhere else. She usually is.

Five mornings a week she does a fifteen-minute radio commentary on women's affairs, reading recipes, ironing out problems of etiquette, interviewing visiting celebrities and local do-gooders and generally lambasting people and things that annoy her.

An hour later the worldly wise society woman and fashion expert shrugs off her squirrel jacket, ties on a homespun apron and becomes Mary Gillan, all-Canadian farm wife, on the CBC's Maritime Network daily farm broadcast. Mary Gillan is a household name on every farm on the Atlantic coast but Abbie Lane is still uncomfortable in the same county with a cow.

Positive is another word for her. She is variously described as the best alderman in the city and the worst, a conscientious citizen and a windy old busybody.

An inveterate club member and committee worker, she runs the gamut from school board to poker club. Her crammed wallet holds more than a dozen membership cards. She is proudest of the one issued by the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, who last year made her their provincial president—just a few months after she made a radio broadcast that some people branded high treason.

When the City of Halifax gave a luncheon at the Lord Nelson Hotel for the then Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh at the fag end of their 1951 Canadian tour, Mrs. Lane was picked to present the official gift, partly because she was the only woman on the city council and partly because she'd helped to make the arrangements for the visit.

As soon as the presentation was over the royal tourists hurried on to their next stop, the Camp Hill military hospital. Coming through the doorway into one of the wards the Princess did a double-take. A few feet away, still wearing her blue-ribboned aldermanic medallion, stood Mrs. Lane, this time on the business end of a microphone describing the event for radio station CJCH.

As soon as Elizabeth and her consort had bowed out of the hotel ballroom Abbie had raced out the kitchen door, swung her one hundred and eighty pounds (now trimmed to a hundred and fifty) into a waiting car and shouted, "Let's get going."

A Toronto newspaper columnist, also a woman, described Abbie as the goingest concern in Halifax. Just where she is going next is the subject of some conjecture, not all of it flattering. She has often been told she should go back to the kitchen and stay there, but she's aiming for nothing short of the mayor's office.

Halifax has an unwritten rule that Catholics and non-Catholics must alternate as mayors, so Abbie, an Anglican, can't run until the term of Mayor Richard Donahoe expires in the spring of 1955. At that time her stint as an alderman for

Ward Two will also be up. She is the second woman alderman in the city's two-hundred-and-three-year history. She hopes to become the first woman mayor.

What started it all? Abbie ascribes it to a dare.

During the Second World War women undertook a lot of jobs in Canada. Mrs. Lane, the mother of three and wife of the manager of a savings and loan company, was no exception. Among other things, she washed diapers in the port nursery, escorted the British wives and children of Canadian servicemen from Halifax to Montreal and acted as emcee of a camp show. She was also a St. John's Ambulance first-aid worker and spent several nights a week dishing out cocoa and doughnuts at service canteens.

When a Halifax society woman who wasn't exactly in the front lines herself phoned one night in 1944 and asked Abbie to take on another job, she said she didn't think she had the time. "Well now, Mrs. Lane," meowed her caller. "You know there's a war on."

Fuming, Abbie hung up. She told her husband: "I've got a good mind to take the first full-time job I can find. Then I won't be at the mercy of biddies like that."

"I dare you," he replied. "You couldn't take orders from anyone. You wouldn't last two weeks."

A few weeks later she was hired as women's editor of the now defunct Halifax Chronicle. The editor figured she would be a good contact with all the women's organizations in the city; she belonged to most of them.

Once she was sent out to investigate a report that a woman had beamed her child with its own nursing bottle. The address turned out to be a ramshackle waterfront tenement. The police weren't around so she climbed the dark stairs. She found the mother, the bandaged child and the nursing bottle—a gin bottle with a nipple on it.



Abbie's frank radio comments after the Princess left Halifax in 1951 sounded like treason to some listeners. Here she presents the city's official gift, a gold brooch.

She went out and called the office to send a photographer. When cameraman Roy Tidman and Abbie started up the stairs again the woman's husband shouted down: "What in hell do you want?"

"We're social workers," she called back. "I thought we might . . ."

"You come up and I'll throw you right down again."

At this Tidman stepped back behind Mrs. Lane. "You go first," he said gallantly. "Women's editors we can get but these cameras are hard to find."

Both retreated, Abbie to her typewriter where she wrote a blistering and libelous story. When she was told the paper couldn't print it she sat down again and typed out her resignation. She later tore it up.

In 1944 when the Chronicle opened its own small radio station, CJCH, Mrs. Lane was made women's commentator. And when the Chronicle sponsored a yearly fashion show in hopes of building up its

steadily falling circulation she ran that too.

In December 1948 the Chronicle merged with the rival Herald and Mail and Abbie was out of the newspaper business. But she kept on in radio and other activities soon took up her slack time. She was a member of the civic planning committee which spent two years drafting Halifax's master plan and she was president of the Halifax Welfare Bureau for six years.

In 1951 she took her first fling at politics when a by-election was called in Ward Two. "I think women have a big role to play in the community and I decided to play mine," she explains.

Her campaign manager, Mrs. MacKenzie Watt, and most of her campaign workers were housewives. In many cases they didn't stir out of their kitchens. They looked up the telephone numbers of every voter in the ward—about five thousand—

and kept phones ringing for weeks. Abbie won by more than five hundred votes. Elected to serve out a one-year term she was paid seven hundred and fifty dollars; her campaign expenses ran close to a thousand.

After her election there appeared a noticeable rift between Mrs. Lane and the Progressive Conservative Party, reportedly because the party organization hadn't helped her. Party affiliations are usually left unmentioned in civic politics. "They took a strangely detached attitude toward my election," she says today. She's no longer active in PC affairs and claims that she turned down a Conservative nomination in a federal by-election.

Alderman Lane's first project was a fearless drive for the appointment of a dogcatcher. Last November the city finally got a dogcatcher, a truck and all the trappings and Mrs. Lane got a barrage of calls from irate dog owners who had to pay two dollars to get their pups out of the pokey.

Early in the game she Continued on page 50



For lunches, parties and speeches Abbie keeps a big stable of hats.



She hammers out a civic matter with Mayor Richard Donahoe. She'd like to succeed him.



Over coffee she jots down notes for one of her radio shows. She is CBC's Mary Gillan.



At city jail she talks with girls serving sentence for prostitution.



At CJCH mike five mornings a week Abbie gives fifteen-minute patter.



She does all her own shopping, but a maid does the housework in Lanes' west-end home.



Abbie occasionally cooks. She's in a dozen clubs, is provincial president of the IODE.



Youngest of Lanes' three children Jean (14) shares study problem.



McCulloch shows fine form to candidates for the U.S. Olympic team at Sun Valley. He has skied with Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert and other big names.

THE COCKY KING OF THE SKI SLOPES

Ernie McCulloch, the idol of Three Rivers — and of an uncounted army of feminine fans — has grand-slammed his way to top North American ski honors and now plans to tackle the European masters on their home hills

By ALEXANDER LEESE



THE GREATEST downhill skier in the world, according to the noted American commentator, Lowell Thomas, is not a Norwegian, Swiss, Austrian, Frenchman or Italian. He is not even an American. He is a sandy-haired chunky twenty-six-year-old from Three Rivers, Que., a Canadian of Scottish-French ancestry, widely known through the skiing world as Ernie McCulloch. His mother calls him "Bird."

A glance at the record book of international competitive skiing reveals that Thomas didn't exaggerate when he made this assertion in a recent ski film entitled, *Mount Tremblant Powder*. Since 1949, when McCulloch startled the ski world by beating the world champion French ski team at the Quebec Kandahar race, he has piled up an impressive record. The following year he won the North American downhill championship, tied first in the American national slalom and won the combined. He also took the Snow Cup at Alta, Utah. In 1951, American ski writers dubbed him the Grand Slam Champion as he swept through the North American downhill, the national downhill, giant slalom and combined, and the Harriman Cup at Sun

Valley, Idaho. Returning to Canada last year, he managed to get away from his instructor's job at Mount Tremblant, Que., long enough to repeat his victory at Sun Valley for the Harriman Cup and to take the international and national downhill titles at Stowe, Vt. At Stowe he beat the 1952 Olympic champions, Stein Ericksen and Othmar Schneider.

The film *Mount Tremblant Powder* features the skiing of McCulloch as he smashes through deep snow, vaults over ledges, whirls around hairpin bends, skips like a ballet dancer over bumps. Down Tremblant's fearsome Flying Mile he actually skates on skis, a crouched figure seemingly with invisible wings, swooping from bump to bump, straight down the mountainside, rocking from ski to ski.

Veteran ski instructor and ski photographer Frank Scofield remarked after seeing the film: "In twenty years I've photographed the best of them and I find McCulloch hair-raising to watch. I would rank him among the world's ten all-time greats in the sport."

The factors which have *Continued on page 30*

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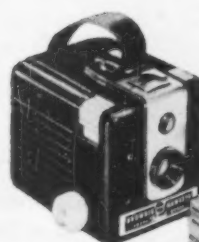
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AGAINST ALL FLAGS: Errol Flynn and Maureen O'Hara in a pirate swash-buckler which half-heartedly tries to kid itself when it is not conforming breathlessly to its silly pattern. It winds up being not much of a thriller and not much of a comedy either.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME: Labor and management both get a fair deal, and the ticket-buyer gets an interesting movie, in this unpretentious story about a bunch of workers who try their hand at running a factory. A 1950 British film, being exhibited in Canada by the Department of Labor.

THE CRIMSON PIRATE: Buccaneers again, but this time they are cavorting satirically, with highly amusing results. The agile Burt Lancaster is in top form as the leader of the tribe.

EIGHT IRON MEN: Harry Brown, author of *A Walk in the Sun*, wrote this war story, too, and its intimate close-up of one squad of GIs under fire in Italy has similar virtues—power, honesty, and humor. Bonar Colleano is diverting as a foxhole Casanova whose imaginary passion-flower (Mary Castle) lightens battle's burdens.

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS: Marge and Gower Champion proved in *Show Boat* that they are delightful dancers. Their acting, however, is of amateurish calibre in this Technicolor musical, and the story of backstage domestic bickering is trite and tiresome. Two or three of the staged production numbers are smart and lively.

IT GROWS ON TREES: Dean Jagger and Irene Dunne find five- and ten-dollar bills literally sprouting in their garden. A good comic notion is weakened by coyness and heavyhandedness in plot and treatment, although the picture has a few diverting moments.

LES MISERABLES: This must be about the ninth movie version of the sombre Victor Hugo novel, and the story surely holds no surprise for most customers. Routinely competent, this Hollywood

job features Michael Rennie as the desperate fugitive, Robert Newton as his pursuer, and Edmund Gwenn as the saintly bishop.

MY PAL GUS: A small boy (pleasantly underplayed by George Winslow) is the pawn between his estranged parents (Richard Widmark and Audrey Totter) in this recommendable comedy-drama. The story has much less humor than you might warily anticipate.

THE RAIDERS: A fair-enough western, starring grim-faced Richard Conte as a gold miner who takes the law into his own hands after losing his wife, his brother and his savings to a bandit gang. Sweden's Viveca Lindfors struggles valiantly with the role of a gentle Mexican gal who tries to stop the violence.

RED PLANET MARS: Uncle Sam and the Russians battle for space-realms in the sky. The result, in my opinion, is one of the worst movies ever made—so bad, in fact, that at times it's a lot funnier than many an outright comedy.

RELUCTANT HEROES: An army force from Britain. It briskly reviews practically all the military jests in the music-hall repertoire, and a few of them are still worth a chuckle. Ronald Shiner works hard as that perennial tyrant, the Nasty Sergeant.

SOMETHING FOR THE BIRDS: An amateur lobbyist (Patricia Neal), trying to protect California's wildlife, invades Washington in this political comedy. The pointed irony of its opening scenes becomes blunted by a too-slick ending. With Edmund Gwenn, Victor Mature.

UNTAMED FRONTIER: Nice color photography and a honey of a stampede are assets to be weighed against a garrulous script and several wooden characters in this cow-country drama. Joseph Cotten and Scott Brady are good and evil cousins, and Shelley Winters is the beleaguered lady in the middle.

Gilmour Rates

Because of You: Drama. Fair.
Because You're Mine: Lanza operatic comedy. Good.
Big Jim McLain: Spy drama. Fair.
The Big Sky: Adventure. Good.
Bloodhounds of Broadway: Damon Runyon comic musical. Good.
Breaking the Sound Barrier: Jet-pilot aviation thriller. Excellent.
Come Back, Little Sheba: Marriage drama. Excellent.
The Devil Makes 3: Suspense. Good.
Fearless Fagan: Comedy. Good.
The Fourposter: Marital drama. Fair.
The Happy Time: Comedy. Good.
High Noon: Western. Tops.
Horizons West: Western. Poor.
Hurricane Smith: Tropic drama. Poor.
Ivanhoe: Adventure drama. Excellent.
Just for You: Crosby musical. Fair.
Limelight: Chaplin drama. Excellent.
Meet Me Tonight: 3 playlets. Fair.
The Merry Widow: Musical. Fair.

Miracle in Milan: Italian fantasy. Good.
Mr. Denning Drives North: Suspense drama (British). Fair.
Monkey Business: Comedy. Fair.
My Man and I: Drama. Fair.
My Wife's Best Friend: Farce. Poor.
O. Henry's Full House: Multi-story "package." Good.
Operation Secret: Spy drama. Fair.
Outpost in Malaya: Drama. Fair.
Penny Princess: Comedy. Fair.
Plymouth Adventure: Sea drama. Good.
The Quiet Man: Irish comedy. Good.
The Sniper: Suspense. Excellent.
Snows of Kilimanjaro: Drama. Good.
Springfield Rifle: Western. Good.
Story of Mandy: Drama. Good.
Story of Robin Hood: Adventure. Good.
Story of Will Rogers: Biography. Fair.
The Thief: No-talk spy tale. Good.
Venetian Bird: Mystery. Fair.
Water Birds: Wildlife short. Good.
What Price Glory? 1914 war. Fair.



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King of the Slopes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

made Ernie McCulloch not only Canada's greatest skier but one of the greatest skiers in the world today go beyond the native ability and tremendous endurance, the mighty competitive spirit and self-assurance which are his characteristics. They also include a ruthless appraisal of himself and of his competitors, a scientific approach to training and to the task immediately on hand. He has also had the opportunity for competition against the leading performers in North America on the fastest and most difficult runs — something that is denied ninety-five percent of Canada's best skiers.

When McCulloch enters a big competition he usually arrives on the scene about four days in advance. He breaks the downhill course into six sections and examines each section carefully to determine exactly how he will run it. This takes two days. Then on the third day he runs the course faster, but still by sections. On the last day before the race he takes the whole course, at near top speed. If it feels right, he stops there. But if it doesn't, he makes another fast run, still leaving something in store. By now he has the whole course in his mind, bump by bump, turn by turn.

"In downhill racing today, the whole course is dangerous," Ernie says. "But you must never let yourself think that you might fall, even though you know others will. The Harriman course at Sun Valley is two and one eighth miles, and to cover it in a winning time you have to move at better than sixty miles an hour. It's the greatest thrill in the world to come down a slope like that. You hear your skis begin to purr — it's just like a purr — and you know you are traveling out of control. You concentrate on keeping your balance. Everything has to be there the way it is in your mind. There is no time for second guesses. If you've made a mistake — too bad!"

Slalom courses are not set until the day of the race. But as soon as the flags and gates through which the competitors must travel are in place, Ernie walks up and down the side of the course, a hundred feet at a time. He covers the whole course in sections. When he feels he has every flag and gate clearly in his mind, he skis down alongside the course, as close as the officials will allow.

"The whole run has to be fixed and automatic in your mind," Ernie points out. "The tragedy that happens to a lot of boys in slalom is that just before a gate, for a split second, they forget and their timing is gone."

McCulloch pays just as much attention to the wax on his skis as he does to the course. He uses a combination of six different waxes, depending on the snow conditions. He mixes the waxes himself and applies them, sometimes painting them on, or using a hot iron.

Only once in the last four years did his wax work out badly. A sudden change of weather at Aspen, Col., left him with the wrong combination and he finished the slalom course nine seconds behind the winner — a disastrous margin. Once he changed his wax three times in the two hours immediately before a big race. He won it, too.

McCulloch favors European waxes, but they are the only non-Canadian items in his ski equipment. "Our ski equipment is as good as, or even better than, anything made by other countries," he says. He has used skis made by a Three Rivers firm ever since he

started skiing seriously at the age of seven. His boots are made by a Montreal firm, after a design by former world champion Emile Allais. They are much stiffer than those favored by many skiers. He wears no ski cap — "It makes my forehead cold" — and pulls on an old-fashioned Canadian *toque* when he doesn't race bareheaded.

There are four divisions in competitive skiing: jumping, cross-country, downhill racing and slalom racing. Jumping depends for its popularity on the existence of good jumps and Canada has very few of them. Cross-country is long and unspectacular. The downhill and slalom offer greater thrills.

A downhill course is usually two or three miles in length with the worst twists and turns, bumps and drops which can be found. Competitors must keep up a mile-a-minute pace if they hope to win. The slalom course is usually down a steep but open slope, with flags and gates placed at tricky angles and intervals. The slalom racer flips through these openings like a cat in a fit, racing against time.

McCulloch's mother, a remarkable Canadiane who two years ago, at sixty-seven, shot her first bull moose and packed out a good portion of the carcass, started calling her sixth and last child "Bird" because she always seemed to find him flying through the air from a ski jump when she went looking for him.

Three Rivers had at that time the only good ski jump in eastern Canada, and Ernie entered the schoolboy meets. They had downhill and slalom events too, and, at fourteen, Ernie swept the board against competitors from twelve schools. He repeated this the next two years, but still specialized in the jumping and cross-country, the most popular events in the St. Maurice Valley.

At sixteen he placed second in jumping at the Canadian junior championships in Montreal; at eighteen he entered the eastern American championships at Lake Placid, N.Y., placing second in both jumping and cross-country. By this time he pretty well dominated the St. Maurice Valley and St. Lawrence Valley meets and wanted to measure himself against the experts of the Laurentian zone, the kingpins of Canadian downhill and slalom. He had won the provincial combined jumping and cross-country twice and the provincial jumping championship once.

McCulloch was actually enticed out of the St. Maurice Valley in 1946 by another great skier, Johnny Fripp, who offered him a job on the ski patrol at Mount Tremblant where Fripp was chief ski instructor. That first season McCulloch chased Fripp, unsuccessfully, down the tricky Tremblant slopes in classics like the Kandahar and the Taschereau races.

The only two bad accidents he has ever had as a skier made the next season a dead loss. At the beginning of the season, on the lower part of the Taschereau run, Ernie's ski tip caught in deep snow and spun him in the air. He smashed headfirst into a tree. When he came to he skied groggily down the course and presented himself to the doctor. They still tell the story around Tremblant.

Ernie walked into the doctor's office. "Doc, I think I hurt myself," he mumbled, and collapsed on the floor. The doctor rushed him to Montreal. McCulloch's jawbone was broken, his cheekbone fractured and caved in, endangering the sight of his left eye. His nose was broken. Surgery saved his eye and, his face wired up, Ernie returned to Tremblant.

He was back in fine shape for the



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Kandahar later in the season. But, making a last fast run the day before the race, he caught an outside edge of one ski—the surest way to take a spill in skiing—and, as he sailed into the air, he felt his ankle snap. He skied down the balance of the run, but that ended the season for Ernie.

The 1948 season found him more determined than ever to "take" the boys, including the redoubtable Fripp, at their own specialty of downhill and slalom. He trained seriously, working himself up slowly to top pitch for the Taschereau race. He won it in three

minutes and twenty-six seconds, time that still stands as the record for the course. Then he went down to Ste. Marguerite and won the annual Mount Baldy race, with a record time of 56.3 seconds that still stands. At Ottawa he added the central Canadian combined slalom and downhill title, but his proudest moment was when he took the registered ski instructors' course at Ste. Adèle, and finished with top honors.

An important influence in McCulloch's career at this time was Emile Allais. Ernie says: "Johnny Fripp gave

me a lot of inspiration for fighting spirit, but Emile Allais raised competitive skiing in Canada to a new level. I learned more from him than from anyone else before or since."

The following season, 1949, McCulloch showed he had learned plenty. Again he made fastest time in the Taschereau and won the Mount Baldy and the central Canadian combined downhill and slalom title. He finished second in the combined Canadian championship, competing against the French world champions, and won the Kandahar against the same opposition.

The next year, a decisive season in McCulloch's career as a racing skier, two other Canadian skiers who were employed as instructors at Sun Valley, Idaho, persuaded the chief instructor there, Otto Lang, to invite Ernie to join the staff. McCulloch accepted and immediately moved into a different league.

The skiing terrain in eastern Canada is more suited to cross-country racing than really top-flight downhill—more Scandinavian than Swiss in character. Only in the western United States and in the Canadian Rockies are the long sweeping downhill runs to be found that approximate the kind of terrain found in the Alps.

The astute Otto Lang sent Ernie to all the American meets in 1950, hoping to derive publicity for Sun Valley from his exploits. McCulloch didn't disappoint. He won the North American downhill championship, tied first in the American national slalom and won the combined. He took the Snow Cup, a combined downhill and slalom prize at Alta, Utah, placed second for the Peruvian Cup at the same place, and at Aspen, Col., he placed fifth in the world's championship slalom event.

Ernie's impressive record that year won him the job of coaching the American girls who were training in 1951 for the Olympics. He was not yet twenty-five. That year, besides coaching the girls, he won for himself the newspaper title of Grand Slam Champion by winning the North American downhill, the national downhill, giant slalom and combined, and the coveted Harriman Cup, also a combined event.

Johnny Fripp had retired from active skiing at this time and his post as chief ski instructor had fallen open at Mont Tremblant. The job was offered to McCulloch at Sun Valley and he accepted eagerly.

Then occurred a sad mix-up which deprived Canada of her greatest skier for the 1952 Olympics. As in most other sports, the difference between a "professional" and an "amateur" in skiing is obscure. The Fédération Internationale de Ski (called FIS for short) is the governing body which determines the status of a skier. It has ruled that a skier who lends his name to an article of ski equipment is a professional, but it has been very elastic about this ruling and about other means of gainful employment in the sport. Practically all the top skiers in Europe teach skiing. But to qualify them for the Olympics, FIS decreed that if they did not teach ninety days before the event, they would be able to compete.

The Canadian Amateur Ski Association, learning of this ruling, put up a stiff fight for the qualification of Bob Richardson, who had been instructing at Tremblant. The Canadian Olympic Committee reluctantly consented to his inclusion after much palaver. But no one thought to tell McCulloch about it until the Olympics were eighty days away. So he was not eligible for the Olympics. Thus Canada lost its big chance for her first almost-certain point winner. Henri Oreiller, who sponsors a ski boot, and James Coutet, who had just published a book on skiing, both competed for France.

McCulloch, bitterly disappointed, blames no one for the mix-up, and holds no ill feeling. But many other Canadian ski enthusiasts feel quite differently about it.

The 1952 season did, however, offer Ernie a chance to stack himself up against the Olympic winners when he went to Stowe, Vt., to compete in the international and national downhill championship, which he won against the two Olympic champions, Ericksen



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and Schneider. He also went on to win the Harriman Cup at Sun Valley for the second successive time. And in Canada he added the Quebec Kandahar; the downhill, slalom and combined title; the Mount Baldy title and the Laurentian Zone championship.

Ernie thinks that as a racer he cannot stay at his peak for much more than a month so he takes his training gradually to point himself for that month in which most of the important competitions take place. Before the season opens he runs up Tremblant's south slope two or three times in a week, "just so I won't get soft." In December, January and February he does about ninety minutes of intensive skiing each day, after he has spent his mornings and early afternoons moving from class to class on the slopes, teaching and helping the dozen instructors who work under his supervision.

He spends his summers as a sports director with particular emphasis on water sports, and his brief vacations in spring and autumn hunting and fishing. His weight varies between 155 and 160 pounds and goes down to 150 during the racing season. He is five feet, eight inches tall.

A great deal of McCulloch's physical endurance comes from his early career as a paddler. Between 1942 and 1947 he ranked as one of Canada's top paddlers. He says paddling is a tougher sport.

He trains alone for the big ski events because he says he cannot find the kind of top competition around him that he has to face below the border. He eats boiled eggs for breakfast and puts away plenty of fruit and fresh vegetables as well as steaks. When he has dessert, it is usually custard.

According to his mother, he was always a scrapper; when he first came to Tremblant he continued this tradition by being willing to trade punches on the least provocation. But when he returned from the United States, this belligerence had been concentrated along the more productive channels of competitive skiing.

At Tremblant he shares a two-roomed cabin with Wade Hampton, ski-patrol director and descendant of the Confederate general of the same name. The cabin is in a state of perpetual disorder. Its walls are adorned with ski action photos, three moose horns, and a poster about four feet square of a seductively draped nude, topped by a placard: "Welcome Home, Ernie."

McCulloch's activities as ski-school director of Mount Tremblant Lodge in winter and sports director in summer keep him busy the year round, for in the off-season he travels over the eastern United States and Canada showing promotional films for the lodge. When he gets his week's holiday in the spring and in the autumn, he usually goes right back to Three Rivers, to go hunting with Ma.

Ernie likes to tell how his mother took one of their friends, Bill MacDougall, out to their fishing cabin. When they started off Bill gallantly took the heavier pack of sixty pounds, leaving Ma the thirty-pound pack. After a half hour through the bush he was exhausted. "Ma changed packs, and insisted on toting the big one," Ernie says with a grin. "Of course, she was in better shape than Bill."

Ernie's glamorous role as a champion skier and leading ski instructor makes him legitimate prey for the feminine vacationer. So far he has escaped any permanent attachment. He has skied with Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Ella Raines, and other movie stars. But he best remembers Lex Barker, the screen Tarzan.

"He liked to ski with me," Ernie

relates, "and no matter how tough the slope was he would follow. The only trouble was that he couldn't stop, and I got tired of having two hundred and forty pounds of bone and muscle landing on me every time I pulled up to wait for him. So I got into the habit of ducking behind the biggest tree I could find when I stopped. That discouraged him."

Ernie's toughest ordeal with Barker, however, was back in the cafeteria dining room. "He would order a whole tray of pastry and say, 'Let's you and me finish these off, eh?' I was good for

two or three, but he never stopped till the last one was gone. What an appetite."

It is doubtful, though, that the personality has yet been born who could impress Ernie McCulloch very much. He is so sure of himself and his role in skiing that at a recent annual meeting of the registered ski instructors a skit poked fun at Ernie with the refrain: "Eye-eye-yi-eye." But his cockiness has such a solid basis of achievement behind it that few people really resent it.

Ernie gives himself two more years

of competitive skiing, and he knows exactly what he wants to do in those two years.

"I want to go back to Sun Valley this year and win the Harriman Cup for the third time. That would be a record. Dick Durrance won it three times, but not in straight years. I keep it if I win three times. Then, in 1954, I want to go to Sweden to compete in the world championships. I've never had a chance to ski in Europe and I'd like to prove to myself that I could take these boys in their own back yard." ★

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What's So Funny About Glasses?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

who wore glasses were always the maiden aunts in school plays. Big girls who wore glasses were always maiden aunts.

Then about fifteen or twenty years ago American humorist Dorothy Parker wrote, "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses." Bespectacled females, realizing what they were missing, groped along streets for a while, stumbling over mailboxes and hydrants, half-blind but unblemished by drab frames. Unfortunately they often passed up eligible young men because they couldn't see them.

They were saved by the new plastics and a subsequent wave of glamour frames. Today spectacles are trimmed in scores of tints and shades; in plaids, pin stripes, hound's-tooth checks and mottled effects; studded with brilliants, metal inlay or tiny plastic flower clusters.

For about five dollars a girl can frame her eyes with plastic; for five hundred she can do it with solid gold and for around ten thousand she can go for diamonds.

Small jeweled clips, which can be worn on a gown, unfold into lorgnettes. These sometimes come in sets—one for distance vision, one for reading—so that at plays or banquets a woman can read her program or menu with one lorgnette, then count the house or spy on her friends with the other. There's a gold pencil which, at the flick of a catch, fires a lorgnette from its barrel.

Women can now match their spectacles to their hair, their lipstick, their complexions, and their clothing. A bride in the States once asked an optometrist to install a sample of her lingerie in her frames. There are even mother-and-daughter sets.

Spectacles must nowadays be cosmetically correct. Sybil Whalen, salon manager for a Canadian branch of the Helena Rubinstein organization, says, "If your face is large with a rather square jaw, a heavy frame on your glasses balances the strong lines of your face. A small frame of lighter hue is more becoming on a small oval or round face."

Extroverts can wear flashy frames, says Miss Whalen, but shy types should stick to inconspicuous glasses. Bespectacled women must wear waterproof mascara in case the glasses steam up, avoid clashing costume jewelry with dazzling frames and never let their noses become red or shiny.

Cliff Shorney, a Toronto optician

whose firm claims the largest assortment of frames in Canada and has furnished Canadian governors-general with glasses since Lord Tweedsmuir, says, "You can't change a woman's ideas about glasses but you have to try to guide them, make them think your suggestions are their own ideas." Shorney, with Gus Blocker, a leading New York city optician who once supplied the Aga Khan with fifty pairs of spectacles, were pioneers in the art of "cosmetic fittings" about fifteen years ago.

Students of spectacles psychology often scoff at people who wear glasses for effect: aspiring young businessmen with dark aggressive frames, college professors with stout spectacles that lend themselves to waving in lectures, insurance salesmen in rimless lenses that twinkle in a friendly reassuring fashion.

But Shorney, who fits frames to a man's personality, says they actually do influence people's opinion of you. Professional men who are short on forcefulness get substantial rugged frames rather than rimless or flesh-colored lenses. Several young lawyers have requested plain glass spectacles which they use in court to occupy their hands and cover up nervousness.

An industrialist who'd worn rimless spectacles all his life tried the aggressive dark frames for a change and was amazed at the new respect he and his glasses generated. "These are the greatest substitute for brains I've ever seen," he told Shorney.

E. J. Fisher, dean of the Ontario College of Optometry, once had a patient who wore glasses but didn't need them. As an experiment, unknown to her, he fitted her with clear glass lenses having no correction. She was perfectly happy with them until one lens broke, then immediately complained of eye trouble.

"People like that may merely imagine they need glasses," says Fisher. "Or again, their eyes may be slightly sensitive to light. Glass only transmits ninety-two percent light and possibly spectacles make their eyes more comfortable."

Eye examinations are made by ophthalmologists, oculists and optometrists. Ophthalmologists and oculists are medical doctors who have taken postgraduate work in eye diseases, and ophthalmologists specialize in surgery. Optometrists are in the nonmedical category but have graduated from schools of optometry and are trained to test vision and prescribe corrective lenses, which they dispense themselves. Like eye doctors, they may also prescribe eye exercises. Experts say such exercises help fifteen percent of the people whose eyes are bothering them



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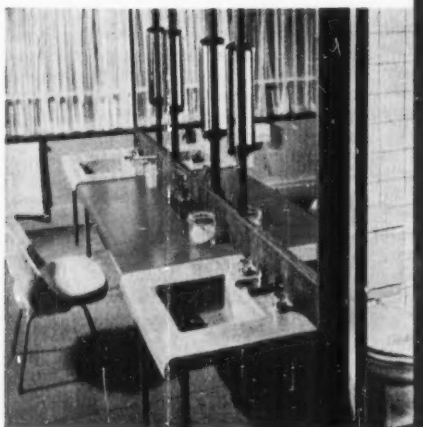
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and enable some of these people to avoid glasses. Unlike doctors, optometrists aren't allowed to use homatropine, a drug which dilates the pupil and permits a more detailed examination. That's because homatropine is harmful if dropped into eyes affected by certain diseases. But, according to the Canadian Association of Optometrists, ninety-six percent of all Canadian eye problems are nonmedical, and optometrists do seventy percent of the eye testing. Opticians dispense lenses but can't examine eyes. They work in conjunction with ophthalmologists and oculists, filling lens prescriptions, and their relation to eye doctors is similar to that of druggists to other medical practitioners.

Spectacles lenses start as crystal-clear blanks of glass about an inch and a half square. Optical goods manufacturers heat these blanks and stamp out rough lenses which are cooled slowly, ground on the convex side with diamond or emery wheels, polished for hours with jewelers' rouge, inspected individually for flaws, then ground on the concave side, checked for proper power, packaged for distribution.

When a prescription is to be filled, the lenses are cut to the size and shape of the frame and the edges beveled. Then the plastic frames are warmed in hot salt until they expand enough to let the lens slip into place.

Most glasses wearers wonder if even this process justifies the price of spectacles. In 1948 a Combines Investigation Commission, examining an alleged combine in the manufacture and sale of optical goods in Canada, found that the combine no longer existed but that prices were still extremely high. At that time plastic frames with lenses that cost the retailer \$4.20 were sold for ten to fifteen dollars. Today optometrists say their laboratory bill for an average pair of single vision spectacles in plastic frames is approximately ten or eleven dollars. They charge a customer this plus their fee of about ten to fifteen dollars for examination and fitting.

In Ontario you can still walk into a five-and-ten and buy glasses for as little as thirty-nine cents. However, in most cases, these lenses are merely magnifiers or reducers, says an optical firm. They will not correct such visual defects as astigmatism. In at least one case the customer tests his new glasses by reading a page from the dictionary.

Naturally, skilled workmanship and examination by a trained professional man should cost more; just how much more is what all the shouting's about when people start attacking or defending the high cost of cheaters.

There's some doubt about whether Salvino Armatie, the man named on the tombstone in Florence, actually invented spectacles but they did come into use during his day. Unmounted lenses were known earlier and, before glassmaking was discovered, were made of quartz.

In Rome, around 50 AD, Emperor Nero's eyes were so bad that he tired of squinting every time he went to the fights. So he mounted a concave emerald on a burnished gold handle and watched his gladiators through the world's first lorgnette.

The invention of printing in the fifteenth century stimulated reading and aroused a demand for glasses, but the science of refraction was still unknown. British peddlers sold spectacles for two to four farthings each. Queen Anne, last of the English Stuarts, had a onetime tailor and a former preacher for opticians.

Around 1600 the monocle appeared. Originally it was designed for army officers who by regulation couldn't wear spectacles; then it became a mark of

fashion. Opticians today estimate that no more than twenty monocles a year are sold in Canada.

In 1784 Benjamin Franklin invented bifocals. But scientific refraction was still a century away. Seventy years later Abraham Lincoln was able to walk into an Illinois jewelry shop and pick up a pair of glasses for thirty seven and a half cents, in the days when America coined half cents.

Although contact lenses have been heralded as the successors to spectacles they still present some problems. Contact lenses are smooth nonirritating plastic molded to the contour of the eye, and are practically invisible in use. There are lenses which fit under the eyelid and cover the entire eye, and smaller cornea lenses which cling by suction to the central portion of the eye.

But they are not easy to wear. Dean Fisher of the Ontario College of Optometry has worn contact lenses for



the last twelve years, alternating them with his spectacles.

"Wearing contact lenses is not the end of all eyeglass inconvenience," says Fisher. "Perseverance is essential when you begin to wear them. You have to wear contacts for only about one hour the first day and gradually build up to longer periods. But the maximum promise that can be safely made is this: contact lenses can be worn an average of four or five hours at a time, no more."

Science and the optical trade are striving to make spectacles wearers love their glasses in spite of themselves. Lenses may now be rubbed with tissues, liquids or grease sticks which are said to prevent misting for several hours. In the U. S. you can now buy spectacles with periscope-style prismatic lenses which enable you to lounge flat on your back, look toward the ceiling and still read the book on your chest or watch TV across the room.

One manufacturer puts out a shatterproof lens, forty times the strength of ordinary glass. In tests, it withstands the impact of a five-eighths-inch steel ball dropped three feet, and each pair of spectacles carries a Lloyd's of London five-thousand-dollar policy, covering injuries resulting if the lens shatters.

England has a bifocal with its close-vision segment hinged to the frame like a swinging door. To get unobstructed full-distance vision you simply swing the bifocal piece aside.

In keeping with the times, University of Pittsburgh chemists have developed spectacles glass which repels atomic rays, while a professor at the University of Sydney maintains that a good pair of glasses will prevent most people from seeing flying saucers. Saucers, he says, may be just spots before their eyes.

But science can't do much about women who force their spectacles into bulging handbags, or about the man who came to a Toronto optician recently with flattened frames and no lenses whatsoever.

"How could you possibly manage to break both lenses completely?" asked the optician.

The customer hung his head. "They fell out of my pocket and I backed over them with the car." ★

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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

drive from Liverpool to London and it took me eighteen hours. Not only were there no signs at the crossroads but the inhabitants, who had been warned, would not give any assistance.

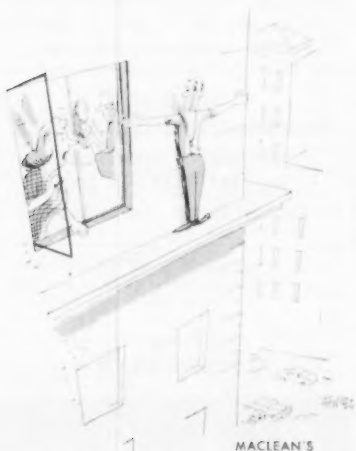
How can the socialists find the road to power? What have they to offer which will induce the electorate to throw out the Conservatives? The welfare state has been established but it was supported, and in fact originated as an idea, by the Tories. I do not doubt that the socialists created it more swiftly and on a bigger scale than we would have done but the issue simply does not divide the parties.

To the eternal credit of the Labour Party in power, it brought in conscription and pledged Britain to full participation in the defense of Western Europe. Fate moves in a mysterious way and perhaps the most fortunate thing that could have happened was the sweeping victory of the socialists in 1945. If we had won that election it is probable that the socialists, aided by the trade unions, would have opposed conscription as a Tory plan to destroy the rights of the individual. Conscription is not a thing that can be effectively carried merely by a majority in the division lobbies; it must have the broad support of all parties.

The same thing applies to the huge sums voted for rearmament. Attlee's Government, which introduced this strong peacetime measure, had the full support of the Tories. If the situation had been reversed it is by no means certain that we would have had similar collaboration from the socialists and the trade unions.

But now the Labour Party is faced with a problem that is entirely new and which is menacing their whole future as an alternative government to the Tories.

No alliance could have seemed less likely to break up than that of the Labour Party and the trade unions. They were born of the same mother, linked by a common outlook and tradition. While the trade unions fought the day-to-day battle with the employers for better pay and conditions, the Labour Party fought the battle for political supremacy. Because the socialists lacked the funds on which the Conservatives can always rely, the trade unions and the co-operative societies had to be the providers of finance.



MACLEAN'S

"You'd better come in and say hello — they're staying to supper."

It is one of the weaknesses of all left-wing parties that they become intoxicated with slogans. On their way to power the socialists put in the forefront of their propaganda battle the cry, "We must control the means of production and distribution." Those are fine words that make sweet music. For a party in Opposition, waging war against the selfishness of capitalism, nothing could be better.

At this point I must remind you of a cynical saying in the days when I was a young fellow in Canada and there was a great mining boom in the Cobalt district of northern Ontario: "Many a good mine has been ruined by sinking a shaft." To the innocents I would explain that as long as a mine was unproved you could sell shares in it for money; but when the shaft proved that there was no ore the game was up.

When the socialists came to power in 1945 they had to be true to their slogans. They nationalized the railways, road transport, iron and steel as well as the mines, gas and electricity undertakings. To give them credit they paid adequate compensation, but the final result was that the State became the biggest employer.

Then what role was left to the trade unions? It is true that some of their leaders were given well-paid jobs on the nationalized boards—and quite rightly—while a few were awarded knighthoods and peerages. In that the socialists did not differ in principle from the Conservatives or Liberals. To the victors the spoils!

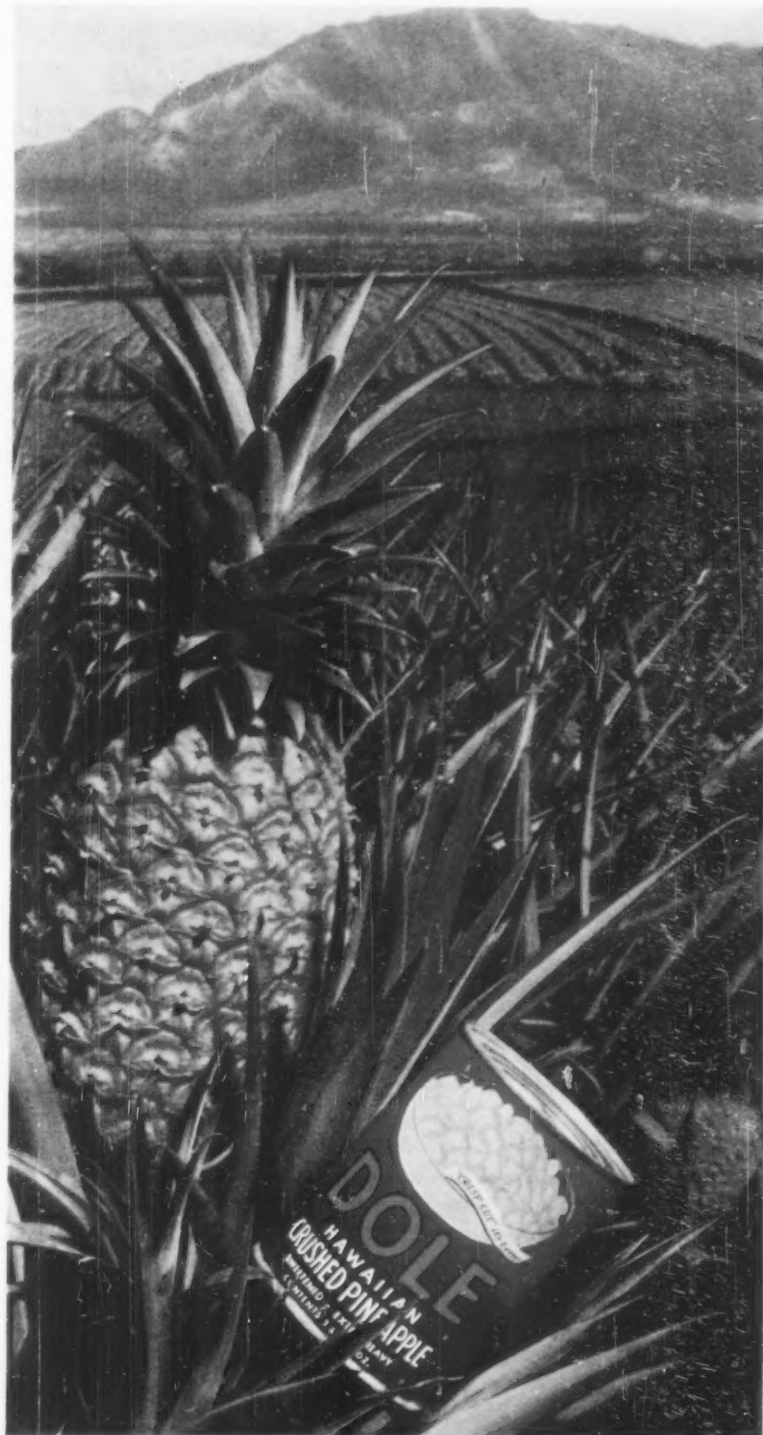
But what was left for the trade unions to do? Their party was in power and controlled a vast area of services and production. You cannot strike against the State because that would be treason, and when trade unionism can no longer threaten a strike you have a lion without teeth.

Aneurin Bevan saw his opportunity in this impasse. Choosing his moment and relying on the deep-seated pacifism of the Labour movement he resigned as a minister on the grounds that the nation could not bear the burden of rearmament which Attlee's Government had forced upon the nation. With him went Harold Wilson, who had been president of the board of trade, as well as a brilliant junior minister named Freeman, and a number of private MPs.

Unfortunately for himself and his supporters Aneurin is not English, he is Welsh. In moments of crisis the Welsh are dominated by their emotions. In moments of crisis the English fly into a deep calm. Faced by the Bevan revolt Attlee's Government did not shift its stance by so much as an inch. It would carry out its measures for defense and rearmament, quite unperturbed by the Bevan rebellion. Needless to say Attlee had the firm support of the Tories in his policy.

But if Bevan was losing the battle in parliament he was winning it in the constituencies. His fiery eloquence was just what the extremist Labour voters were wanting. Everyone felt that when the great showdown took place at the annual Labour Party Conference with the party and the trade unions gathered together, Bevan would sweep the board with his candidates for the national executive. And he did. I went north to see the fun and it was well worth the journey.

But Bevan the Welshman had not counted on the solid British sobriety of the trade unions. Men like Arthur Deakin and Sir Will Lawther, who had risen from the ranks to great power in the unions, denounced the Bevanites as hysterical relics of the dead past. "Trade unionism has won its battle," roared Deakin. "We now have our



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BASIC ROLL DOUGH

Scald

- 1 cup milk
- 5 tablespoons granulated sugar
- 2½ teaspoons salt
- 4 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm.

In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

- ½ cup lukewarm water

- 1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

- 1 envelope Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well; stir in cooled milk mixture and

- ½ cup lukewarm water

Stir in

- 3 cups once-sifted bread flour

and beat until smooth and elastic; work in

- 3 cups more (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 4 equal portions and finish as follows:

1. PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board to ½-inch thickness; cut into rounds with 3-inch cutter; brush with melted butter or margarine. Grease each round deeply with dull side of knife, a little to one side of centre; fold larger half over smaller half and press along the fold. Place, just touching each other, on greased cookie sheet. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 6 rolls.

2. CLOVER LEAF ROLLS

Cut one portion of dough into 8 equal-sized pieces; cut each piece into 3 little pieces. Shape each little piece of dough into a ball and brush with melted butter or margarine; arrange 3 balls in each greased muffin pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

3. FAN TANS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a rectangle a scant ¼-inch thick; loosen dough, cover and let rest 5 minutes. Brush dough with melted butter or margarine and cut into strips 1½ inches wide. Pile 7 strips one upon the other and cut into 1½-inch lengths. Place each piece, a cut side up, in a greased muffin pan; separate the slices a little at the top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

4. CRESCENT ROLLS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a 14-inch round; brush with melted butter or margarine and cut into 12 pie-shaped wedges. Roll up each wedge of dough, beginning at the outside and rolling toward the point. Arrange, well apart, on greased cookie sheet; bend each roll into a crescent shape. Brush with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with salt. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 12 rolls.

responsibility to the State. A lot of you are shouting your heads off as if we were back to the struggle of the 1890s."

Winston Churchill, although far away in London, heard this new note. He gave a dinner at No. 10 Downing Street for a visiting potentate and among his guests were four trade-union leaders. Behind this wise gesture was the plain fact that in the regime of the present Conservative Government there has been less labor trouble than in any similar period when the socialists were in power.

In what I have written today I have tried to be scrupulously objective. Since the war I have visited Canada and the U. S. many times and have spoken to audiences from coast to coast. When the socialists were in power I never failed to give them credit for the good things that they did and I heartily despised any Briton who went abroad and maligned his own government.

Therefore it is in no spirit of propaganda that I now state that the Labour Party is faced with a difficult dilemma. In many ways its task is done. Let us admit to its credit that it quickened the social conscience of Great Britain. By its sense of responsibility it made the workers accept the burdens of world defense. Yet, in domestic affairs, it did great harm by propaganda which caused the ordinary British worker to feel that the State owed more to him than he owed to the State.

Bevan Would Give Blood

The trade unions will never make an alliance with the Tories, which is as it should be. The trade unions of Britain have won an independent place in the community as a sixth estate ready to take their stand beside the Monarchy, Parliament, the Church, the Press and the Courts. As Arthur Deakin said, they owe a responsibility to the nation.

Now, if I may repeat the metaphor, the socialists have reached a crossroads and there are no signs to guide them. On the other hand there is the grim history of European politics to remind them that Socialism with its well-meaning philosophy paved the way for Communism, Nazism and Fascism. Europe today is covered with the corpses of Socialist parties.

It is the immutable law of political life that when one party gives birth to another the mother always dies. Liberalism gave birth to Communism and today Liberalism in Britain is only a ghost that haunts the chamber when the lights have gone out. And in the course of time Socialism gave birth to the dictatorships that curse the world today, and the mother has never recovered from the ordeal of childbirth.

Can the Labour Party of Britain be saved by a blood transfusion? Bevan says "Yes" and offers to give his own rich red blood for the purpose. Or can the socialists become a new, responsible Liberal party, offering themselves as an alternative to the Conservatives? If that happened the Bevanites would be the only winner in the battle of the older parties. Even the trade unions with their firm sense of responsibility to the State will be harassed by the marauding raids of the Bevanite irregulars.

So we come to your unanswered question. Will the Conservatives in their turn give birth to some new party and die in the process? No, sir, No madam. The Conservative Party is fortunately sterile and has no progeny. That is the reason for its immortality. In Opposition or in power, the Conservatives will remain a dominating political influence for a long, long time. ★

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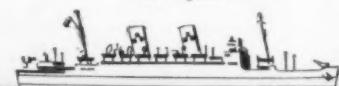


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RELAX MORE—TRAVEL BY SHIP

Sonia Was a Spy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

and all spoke excellent French. Most of them were born in the United Kingdom but they were reinforced by officers from Quebec, Mauritius, the Seychelles Islands and other French-speaking corners of the Commonwealth. In the words of General Sir Frederick Morgan, the planner of D-Day, they "pitted themselves each individually, in lonely personal deadly combat against all the powers of Nazi darkness."

This valiant band organized and armed the Maquis to speed the final annihilation of the Wehrmacht. The most famous among its members was Odette Churchill, G.C., whose exploits were made into a film three years ago. More than a hundred and fifty of them, including a score of women, died in battle or in the concentration camps of Buchenwald and Ravensbrueck.

As Sonia waited for an interview Paddy O'Sullivan, her former fellow clerk, passed through the outer room. Paddy ignored her and Sonia made no gesture of recognition. A few minutes later she was given a rigorous French test. Before she left Sonia was advised to say nothing of the interview to anyone. She spent the week end with her father in a London suburb. "Seen anybody interesting today?" he asked her. Sonia says: "I went dumb on him and he nodded gloomily."

Two weeks later she was transferred from the WAAF into the FANY, the Field Army Nursing Yeomanry, the elite of women volunteers, who wore khaki but whose rank was kept conveniently vague. She was put into a station wagon with drawn blinds and driven to an old house in Surrey. Here she met other new arrivals, including Guy d'Artois. He wore parachute wings and had come from the Canadian Special Service Force in the Aleutian Islands.

Within a few hours they were calling their new quarters the Looney Bin. They had to unravel puzzles for a psychiatrist they irreverently dubbed "the trick cyclist." Officials asked them snap questions like "How many windows in the east wing of this house?" Both men and girls climbed trees, jumped from high walls, crossed rivers on ropes and wriggled through obstacle courses. They were all, women included, taught how to slaughter a sheep, gut a rabbit and break a man's neck before he could scream.

In the mess they were encouraged to drink and knew that great interest was taken in their capacity. After one heavy session Sonia woke up to find an officer sitting at her bedside. He was there to hear whether she talked in her dreams and, if so, in what language. At mealtimes all conversation was in French. Those who made bad slips soon vanished. Anybody who left his knife and fork resting together on the plate English style, instead of apart, French style, was rebuked. They were not allowed to leave the grounds or make a telephone call. All their mail was censored.

Still in the same squad, Sonia and Guy went to another camp in the Midlands nicknamed the Cookery School. They mixed explosives from household acids and demolished bits of railroad track and trees. They learned the niceties of putting abrasives in piston housings and axle boxes. During booby-trap training a degree of levity was fostered. Thus, when the instructors drew up their chairs at table, opened their bureau drawers, or lifted windows, they were frequently shaken by miniature explosions. Even

toilets were sometimes booby-trapped.

On this course Sonia, a willowy eighteen-year-old girl, showed herself as handy with a Bren, Tommy gun, pistol and grenade as most of the men. She also learned how to fire and strip a wide variety of German, French and Italian weapons.

She constantly heard comments that she was too young for the job ahead. But her reports were so good there was no excuse for dropping her. Besides, Buckmaster had noted that she had an attribute invaluable to a secret agent—sex appeal.

On the west coast of Scotland Sonia and Guy made twenty-five-mile hikes over the mountains in snow and fog, reporting en route to obscure check points which they found by map and compass. They also had to master radio communications and the Morse code. They rode bicycles and motorbikes and drove every kind of vehicle on wheels.

When they went on to the Parachute School at Ringway, near Manchester, they knew they were almost through. For Guy the jumping was easy. Sonia found it hair-raising but she never

balked. As she was about to make her fifth and final practice jump she turned around in the aircraft and looked into Guy's eyes. Then she gave him a wicked wink. When they hit the ground a few seconds later Guy proposed and Sonia accepted.

Early in 1944 they were sent to a comfortable billet in Weymouth Street, in London's West End, and they knew things were getting hot. They wanted to go to France together and with the idea of clinching this prospect got married. It was the worst thing they could have done. Quietly Buckmaster



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informed them that a joint mission was out of the question. Sonia bristled and said if she were not allowed to accompany Guy she would exercise her right, which obtained up to the moment of embarking, of throwing up the job.

"I'm sorry," he said, "that that is your decision." He apologized for appearing melodramatic and explained that in the event of their capture the Germans would have no compunction in torturing them in front of each other for information. The lives of hundreds of others would thus be jeopardized. Sonia says that a feeling

"like a little frozen mouse" ran up her spine. But she knew she couldn't back down now. She bowed to Buckmaster's decision and said she was sorry. A few days later Guy disappeared.

Sonia was then given four foolscap pages of single-space typing to memorize. It was packed with names, dates, times and places. The orders were set out in cold military fashion under the headings: Information, Intention, Method, Administration, Intercommunication. Today she keeps a copy of them, together with all the forged documents she carried.

She was bound for the Department of Sarthe, at the hinge of Normandy and Brittany. Its capital, one hundred and forty-five miles southwest of Paris, was Le Mans, an industrial town of about a hundred thousand, surrounded by rolling thickly wooded country. Near Le Mans, Rommel had set up his anti-invasion headquarters. The presence of so many German troops in the area had intimidated most of the population and recruits for the Maquis were hard to find.

A few months earlier another agent, Captain Christopher Hudson, had

jumped into the area under the code name Albin. He was a regular British officer, aged around thirty-five, who had been educated in Switzerland. Sonia, under the code name Blanche, would be Hudson's courier. Three similar missions before theirs had failed to raise any effective Maquis. One mission had been wiped out.

Sonia would have forged identity and ration cards in the name of Suzanne Bonvie. Her rendezvous with Hudson would be a small chateau on the outskirts of Le Mans. The chateau was owned by a young Maquisard whose real name was Bonvie. Sonia's cover story was that she was Bonvie's cousin come to visit him because her parents in the north of France had been killed and their home demolished by British bombers. Care had been taken to ensure that all records in the town where her fictitious parents were supposed to have lived had been destroyed by a Maquis raid. Sonia recalls thinking: "What a lot of trouble they go to."

But there was more. She was given a bundle containing four afternoon frocks, two sports outfits, six pairs of real silk stockings, gaudy wedge shoes and fluffy underwear, all made in France and in keeping with the upper-middle-class standards to which she supposedly had been raised.

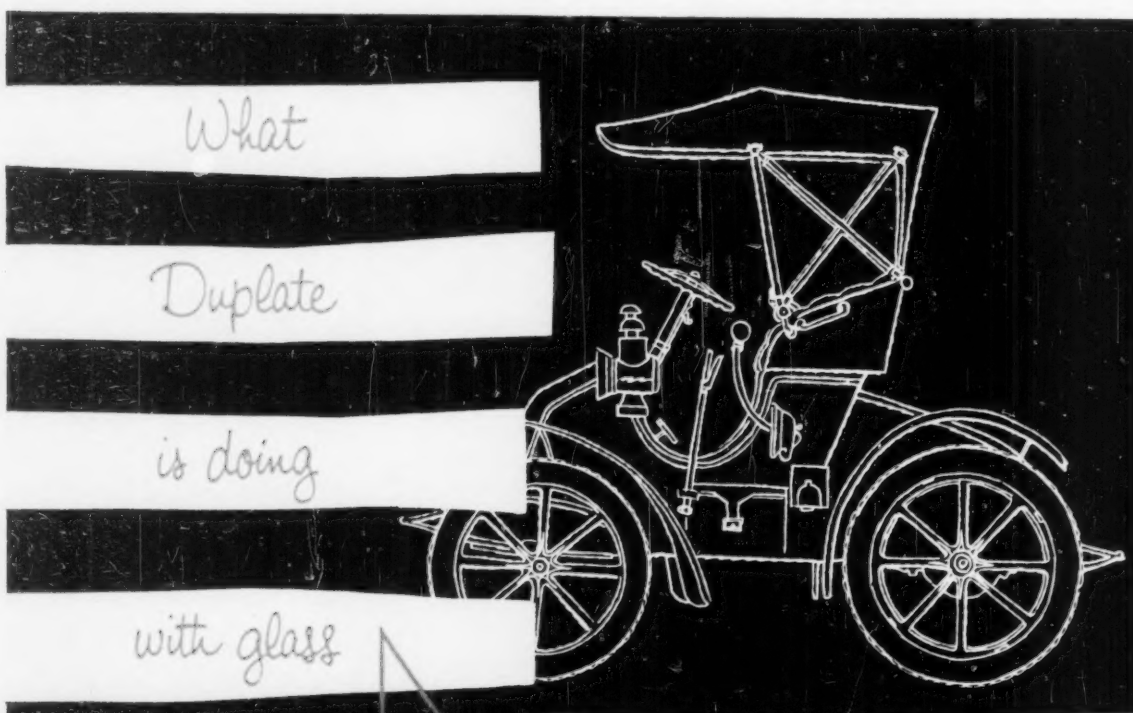
They also gave her a money belt containing two hundred thousand francs, at that time worth four thousand dollars. After the war she would have to account for her expenditures. The bills were undetectable forgeries made by currency printers in England. A note had been made of all the numbers and after the war Britain would call them in and give the owners genuine cash in exchange. Sonia could spend as much as she liked providing it remained in keeping with her role. When she needed more money she was to ask Hudson and he would get it for her. Meanwhile two hundred thousand francs was as much as she could carry without bulging around the waist.

She was also given three separate addresses in neutral Madrid to which she could write in code if the heat was on and she needed to escape. Then a Lysander, a small aircraft which could land on a short field, would come and collect her at a specified point.

Buckmaster gave her a final briefing and heard her recite her cover story three times. Then he cross-examined her on it, trying to trip her up. Finally, in the strangled accents of an Englishman faced with delicate matters he said, "You've got to be grim inside, of course, and as hard as nails, but outwardly . . . well it happens that you have been chosen for this job because . . . because you . . . you . . . you get along well with people. Do you understand?"

Sonia replied demurely, "I understand."

In early April 1944, two months before D-Day, Sonia took off in a bomber. Accompanying her were a British radio operator and a French youth who'd been flown out from the Maquis for a weapon-training course. In a couple of hours they were over a field, thirty miles from Le Mans, and the pilot saw signals on the ground. Sonia watched a red light in the fuselage and when it turned green she jumped. An RAF sergeant threw her bundle after her. Then her two companions jumped. Everything went wrong. The aircraft was flying at only seven hundred feet and Sonia had hardly collected her wits before the ground was zooming up to meet her. She landed badly and winded herself. When she recovered she heard the rumble of motors and on a nearby road saw a moving column of trucks.



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It was a bright moonlight night and in a few seconds she would be visible from the trucks. She went through the drill for releasing her parachute, but it wouldn't come undone. She dropped to the ground and dragged the parachute as she crawled to the far side of the field. She had expected a reception committee led by a man called André but she appeared to be alone. Getting down low in the ditch she began to cut her parachute away with a knife. Suddenly she heard a movement in the hedge. She drew her revolver and said, "Is that you, André?" Two old men appeared. "André," said one of them, "was killed by the Boche last Tuesday."

The old men were flabbergasted when they saw Sonia. They said they were expecting men. Sonia told them two men had jumped with her and they'd best go and find them. No, said the old men, others would look after them. They must get away quickly. "What about my bundle of clothes?" hissed Sonia. "Leave it," said the old men. "The convoy has made things dangerous." They helped her to bury her parachute and then they set off on foot.

In the distance the German convoy continued to roll by. The old men told her the ranks of the Maquis were so thin that young men could not be spared for reception committees. All night they walked across fields. In the morning they took to a highway. For a few miles they got a lift on a farm cart. Then they walked again. Sonia had jumped in a sweater, divided skirt and ski boots, garments that would not attract attention in those days of French rationing. But she was unbearably hot.

Soon a German patrol car came down the road. Sonia saw the menacing helmets, submachine guns and potato-masher grenades of the occupants and her heart pumped fiercely at this first close-up sight of the enemy. As the car passed one of the men shouted the German equivalent of "Hi Ya, Babel!" Sonia was so relieved that her responsive wave and smile were genuinely gay. The incident gave her confidence. She knew she fitted well into the French scene.

The trio walked on openly, passing for refugees, and throughout the day German trucks continued to grind by. Sonia was thankful for her long training marches in Scotland. At midday they halted briefly for bread, wine and cheese at a little inn. Then on they went again, Sonia marveling at the endurance of the aged guides. When night fell they had to avoid the curfew so they took to the fields once more. Early in the morning of the second day they reached the chateau. Sonia had been walking for thirty hours.

There she met the men who had jumped with her. Others had collected them and guided them in. "In a way," says Sonia, "I was glad they traveled separately. I had always been scared witless of being with the English lad, the radio operator, because he spoke French with a bit of an accent."

They told her her clothes bundle had landed slap on the highway just before the arrival of the lead truck in the German convoy. The truck had stopped and a German soldier had got out and picked the bundle up. It was ominous news. She was surprised to find that Bonvie, the owner of the chateau, and her supposed cousin, was "just a young lad, about two years older than I." Hudson was there too, looking worried.

In most parts of France the Maquis were operating in groups of up to three thousand men. Their ranks were swelled daily by Frenchmen between the ages of eighteen and thirty-two

who were avoiding compulsory service in German labor battalions. The Department of Sarthe, especially around the capital Le Mans, was overrun with German mobile reserves located strategically behind forward troops dug in along the shores of Normandy and Brittany. Gestapo surveillance was acute.

Most of the one hundred and fifty Maquisards Hudson had managed to raise were youngsters from Paris. They were ill-armed and scattered in three groups fifty miles apart. By day they hid in the woods. By night they

carried out acts of sabotage against targets specified by London in coded radio messages. Hudson's most urgent need was more men. He told Sonia she would help to find them.

After twenty-four hours' rest she journeyed into Le Mans with Bonvie to meet contacts and visit the "safe houses" where she could be sure of shelter. She recalls a feeling of exultation at her inconspicuousness. Three days before she had been strolling down Piccadilly. Now she was threading her way through crowded streets in enemy territory. The French civilians

betrayed no open hostility toward the swarming Germans. They ignored them. Yet the aura of hatred and suspicion was intense. Sonia herself was more fascinated by the drama of her situation than scared.

"We entered lots of places where Bonvie was known," she says. "We were knocking at doors and climbing up and down stairs all day. Everywhere I was greeted with guarded warmth. 'So madame is one of us?' they said. 'Bien!' I was proud of the urbanity and deep defiance of these people. They were ordinary middle-



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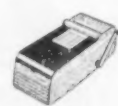
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With an Iron Fireman fast-heating furnace you can use a "fast-cycling" thermostat without squandering your fuel. (You get this in the Iron Fireman Synrostat control system.) In "fast-cycling" your fire is turned on and off with only slight temperature changes. Air does not have a chance to stratify, with cold air on your floors and warm air against the ceiling. Frequent, brief firing periods, with gentle, imperceptible air movement, makes all the difference between luxurious comfort and annoying up-and-down, inefficient heating.

It will pay you to get full information now. It's free for the asking. Use the coupon below.

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Compact, fast heating boilers for hot water, steam, or radiant panel heating. Capacity range accommodates any home from very small to very large.

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Tucks away most anywhere; in crawlspace, attic, garage, utility room, or as overhead unit heater for factory or warehouse. Five sizes.

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Iron Fireman floor and wall furnaces are available with thermostat control for completely automatic heating. Electric ignition eliminates smoky, inefficient pilot flame. Gravity or forced air circulation.



class folk, shopkeepers, small businessmen, dentists and the like, the backbone of France. These were the people I was fighting for. They were the people in whom I had always believed. But there weren't enough young lads among them."

She got rooms with a quiet family of sympathizers and bought a bicycle. The recruiting procedure was laborious. A dressmaker threw a small party for "the poor girl from the north who has lost her parents," a doctor's wife asked her to dinner, a notary invited her for the week end. A nod, a gesture, a fixed look from her hosts indicated that men to whom she was introduced might make Maquis material.

Sonia would use her wiles and get the prospects to invite her out for a drink. Over a drink she would guide the conversation to war. "If only there was something I could do," the men would say. At this point Sonia would suggest a bicycle picnic.

Out in the country, under a tree or by a stream, the conversation would become less guarded and when Sonia felt it was safe she would invite the men to join the Maquis. If any one of them had jumped up and tried to cycle away Sonia would have shot him on the spot. "But I never had to kill anybody," she says, "at least not like that. If it had been necessary, however, I would have done it. I wish I had done it in one case."

Sonia recruited scores of Frenchmen. Many came to her in small groups. Several times she entered Hudson's camps with half a dozen rookies trotting at her heels.

One day in Le Mans she saw a French girl, a notorious consort of German officers, wearing one of the dresses that had been in her bundle from Britain. She never knew whether the Germans suspected it had been dropped from an aircraft or had merely fallen off the back of a truck. She had bought new clothes for herself in Le Mans with forged coupons.

Sonia made a point of eating in restaurants frequented by German officers. Frequently she accepted drinks from them. She told her story of being bombed out in the north so bitterly that they took her for a Nazi sympathizer.

"Many French who didn't know me scowled at me," she says. "I was taken for 'an officer girl.' Because of my fair hair some of the French thought I was German. There were German officers who suspected I was in their own secret service. I left them to puzzle. It all helped to confuse the issue."

By D-Day Hudson had raised a force of five hundred men, split into half a dozen camps in the woods around Le Mans. Arms had been dropped during

three consecutive full-moon periods. The men even had British chocolates and cigarettes. Rations were bought on the black market with bills from England or foraged from sympathetic farmers.

Each man carried forged identity papers and learned several cover stories by heart. Many of their documents came from an underground print shop in Paris controlled by the Maquis central command. This shop turned out thousands of papers monthly ranging from permission to enter restricted military zones to supplementary cheese coupons.

Sonia now moved into one of the camps and slept under the stars. Nearly every day she cycled fifty miles with messages to other camps. "A girl could always get past control points better than a man," she says. "A bicycle was the only form of civilian transport in those days so my machine aroused no suspicion. My identity cards from London were checked scores of times and never questioned. Once I even got a bit careless. I found myself at a check point with English cigarettes on me. That was unforgivable. Fortunately I was not searched."

Recruits began their service by cutting telephone wires, were promoted to blowing up rail tracks, then to bridges, later to factory installations and locomotives and finally to harassing convoys. Prolonged engagements with the enemy were avoided. The policy was hit hard and run.

After the landings in Normandy activities were intensified. Every night Hudson's sections were operating against targets of fleeting opportunity and targets indicated by radio from London. Sarthe was a whirling mass of German troops as Rommel, by desperate footwork, switched his divisions from sector to sector in an effort to control the burgeoning beachhead. The Maquis flitted among them like gnats at a herd of bullocks, imposing a nervous strain that eventually led to panic.

As the Allies kept their foothold in Normandy French confidence increased and more and more men joined the Maquis. Sonia had to help with the weapon training.

Standing under the trees before a group of sheepish recruits, while sentries guarded the woodland paths which approached the secret camps, she would show them how to fire and strip the Bren gun. Sensing their embarrassment she would say, "I know I am only a girl but we are short-handed. This weapon takes a bit of figuring out. But when you know it you will be able to use it better than I can."

One squad was ready for target practice. Ammunition was short and

MODERN MEDUSA

What Happened To One Young Man During Vacation

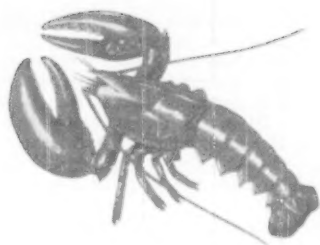


What silken knots of talk she tied
To keep him tethered to her side!
What cunning brush strokes she applied
Of lacquered charm with which to hide
The crouching purpose of her pride;
And how superbly well she lied
Till vanity was gratified—
Then, bored with conquest, granite-eyed,
She tossed him carelessly aside—
COLLECTOR'S ITEM . . . atrophied!

PATIENCE EDEN



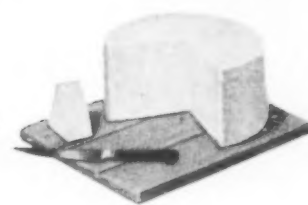
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Blueberries



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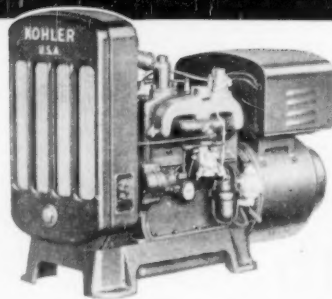
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Hudson's Bay Co., Fur Trade Dept.
Winnipeg
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14-N

Kohler Co., Kohler, Wisconsin. Established 1873

KOHLER OF KOHLER

PLUMBING FIXTURES • HEATING EQUIPMENT • ELECTRIC PLANTS
AIR-COOLED ENGINES • PRECISION CONTROLS

with Hudson's permission Sonia led the squad to a hill, several miles from the camp, which overlooked a highway. They lay waiting until a line of German trucks rounded a curve below them. Then the Brens opened up. Incendiary bullets flashed into the gas tanks of the lead truck and set it on fire. The following truck crashed into the ditch.

Sonia sighted her own Bren and joined in the firing. Most of the Germans were bowled over before they could jump into the ditches. Soon there was no sound save the crackling of the burning truck. In that tense silence Sonia sensed that the surviving Germans were preparing to counter-attack. She rose with a smoking gun under her arm and grinned at her pupils. "Let's go," she said. "Next lesson is Tommy gun."

One of the British agents in Le Mans was a Scotswoman, the wife of a French university professor, who had managed to conceal her origin from the Germans. Her home was used as a "letter box," a place where intelligence of German troop movements was left. Here Sonia picked up the messages for transmission over the Maquis radio to London.

About a month before Patton's armor broke through at St. Lô, Sonia was in Le Mans to collect messages from the Scotswoman. "I walked up the street," she says, "and though I saw nothing unusual I had a strange premonition that something was wrong. Something compelled me to turn back. At the bottom of the street I passed a man I knew. Without looking at me he said 'It's blown.'"

Sonia walked casually away, collected her bike from a garage, and cycled back toward one of the camps. About a mile from the spot where she should have turned off the highway she heard firing in the vicinity of the camp. She stopped. It was getting dark now so she sat under a tree by the roadside to think things out. Very soon, through the dusk, she saw one of her Maquisards trying to walk calmly along the road. She spoke as he passed. "Les boches," he said. "They came while we were at dinner. Two hundred of them. Some of us are killed, some captured. We are scattering."

Sonia cycled back to Le Mans. She had not eaten all day and was faint for food. She reckoned that if she ate somewhere where she was well known it would tend to disassociate her with the Maquis group which had just been raided. The restaurant she chose was full of German officers, many of whom nodded and smiled at her. It was so full there was only one vacant seat, and this was at the table of a man she knew was in the Gestapo.

With a winsome smile she asked him if she might share his table. He was delighted. "All the Germans," she says, "even the Gestapo, wanted to be loved." They had a light-hearted meal together. He insisted on picking up her check.

During the night she made her way to a rendezvous in the woods which had been fixed as a rallying point for Maquisards dispersed by a raid. Before dawn thirty-two of the fifty who had been in camp turned up. They lay low for a few days and then were merged into Hudson's other groups, which reorganized in new camps.

Sonia heard that the first camp had been betrayed by one of the men she had recruited—the man she still wishes she had shot. Two English radio operators had been killed and their equipment seized. This meant Hudson was out of touch with London. It was impossible to make arrangements for the dropping of ammunition to replace that lost in the raid. Now the job was

to contact other Maquisards who had radio communications. Neither Sonia nor Hudson knew where these might be. Lateral communication between groups was discouraged as the roundup of one group might lead to a chain exposure of others through confessions under torture.

In Tours, sixty miles south, Sonia had a French godmother. She was certain this woman would be loyal to De Gaulle. She gambled on the godmother being still at the same address. Armed with a different set of identity cards and another cover story she

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cycled to Tours in two days. When she knocked at the door of a house she found herself face to face with her godmother, whom she had not seen for more than five years. The woman nearly fainted as she beckoned Sonia in.

Her godmother had friends on the fringe of the Maquis. Sonia was passed cautiously from one individual to another until finally she was led before another British officer. She easily convinced him of her true identity because they had been trained at the same school. He informed London of Hudson's plight. Another radio operator was sent out and communications restored.

On Aug. 6 Patton's columns thundered into Le Mans and found Maquisards under Hudson and Sonia containing a Luftwaffe battalion which was still defending the German airfield.

Hudson and Sonia went under American command and were put to work interrogating prisoners. Among the first men sent to Sonia was the Gestapo agent with whom she had dined a few weeks earlier. "You!" he said, his face turning purple, "you!" That's all he could, or would, say.

Sonia and Hudson tired rapidly of their desk job and persuaded the Americans to let them make another trip behind the enemy lines.

At the old Gestapo headquarters they equipped themselves with documents which indicated they had been French collaborators. Sonia even had one German document authorizing her to carry a pistol. Today it occupies a place of honor in her scrapbook.

Between Patton and the Germans at this time there was a wide no man's land. Sonia and Hudson drove across at top speed in a French car. They got away with a story that they were collaborators fleeing from French wrath and scouted behind the German lines for several days. Then they drove back full of useful information. Half-way across no man's land they took an American flag and American documents from under the floor boards of their car and in this way regained Patton's lines. A second trip worked equally well.

On the way back from the third trip they put up their American flag too soon. One of the villages, which had been in American hands when they last saw it, had been reoccupied by Germans. As soon as Hudson saw German troops he stepped on the gas. The Germans opened fire on the car when it was doing sixty miles an hour. Hudson was badly wounded in his shoulder but he managed to keep the car on the highway until they rounded a corner. Then he lost control and crashed into the ditch. Sonia and he at once took to the woods.

As Sonia was dressing Hudson's wounds with bandages torn from their clothing another German patrol stumbled on them. Sonia said they were collaborators who had been shot up trying to escape. They were taken before a German colonel. He considered their story implausible and put them under guard overnight. The next day he lost interest in them as the Americans attacked. When he had withdrawn, Sonia and Hudson were arrested by the Americans and it was several days before they could re-establish themselves at Patton's headquarters.

Later, in Le Mans, Sonia was set upon by an angry mob of French civilians, denouncing her as the blonde who had dallied with German officers in restaurants. They were just about to shave her head and parade her through the streets in disgrace when she was rescued by Americans.

That was Sonia's last battle.

She was reunited with her husband upon the liberation of Paris at an

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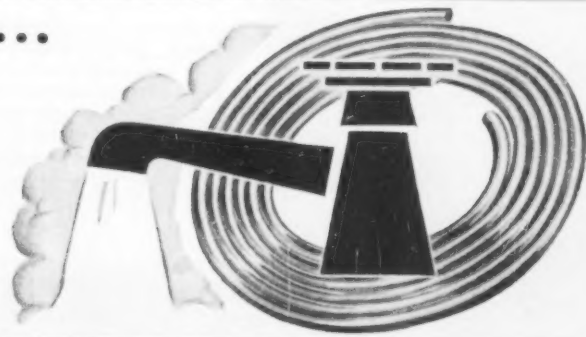
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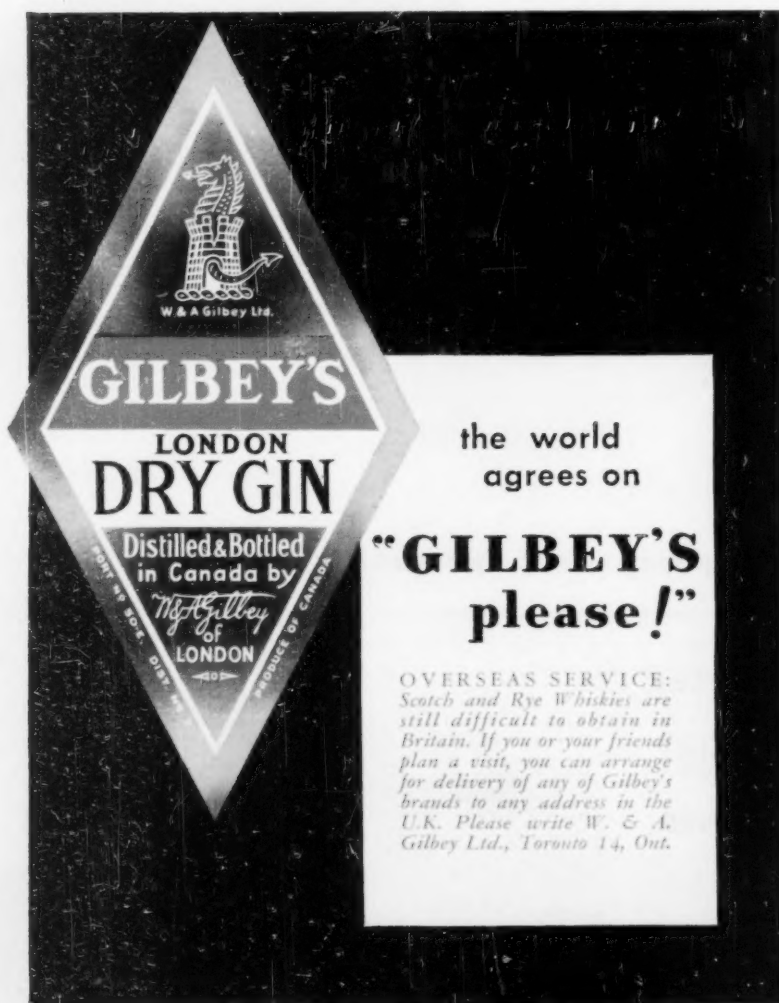
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advanced headquarters there set up by
Buckmaster.

Guy d'Artois had commanded three
thousand Maquisards near Lyons, in
central France and built up the best
communications system in the whole
underground. Scores of secret switch-
boards in farmhouses had been con-
nected by more than seven hundred
miles of telephone wire all stolen from
the Germans. In this way Guy had
kept tabs on German troop movements
over a wide area and through ability
to give warnings and orders at long
range had launched many effective
attacks. The switchboards had been
manned twenty-four hours a day by
farmers' wives.

After VE-Day Sonia and Guy volun-
teered for similar duties in the Far
East. French Indo-China seemed to
them an obvious field. "But then,"
says Sonia, "I became pregnant and
they drummed me out of the army." The
collapse of Japan canceled the need
for Guy.

Guy d'Artois returned to Canada
first and Sonia followed with a group
of other British war brides in 1946.
They settled in military quarters at
Camp Shilo, Man.

The British awarded Sonia the MBE
and Guy the DSO. Shortly after the
war, at a reception in Ottawa, General
Charles de Gaulle pinned on Guy's
chest the Croix de Guerre.

Within a year D'Artois was called
upon again to display his daring. In
1947 he parachuted to the aid of
Canon J. H. Turner, an Anglican
missionary, who had injured himself
in the Canadian Arctic. Former
Governor-General Viscount Alexander
added the George Medal to his decora-
tions.

In 1948 D'Artois was posted to the
Quebec garrison and the family took
up residence in the charming old house
on the Rue St. Louis. Here they spent
many hours reminiscing. Sonia would
ask Guy what he was doing at such
and such a time in France. He would
think for a moment and then laugh.
"Why I was up all night talking to
married women on the telephone." Then
he would ask her what she was doing
and Sonia would reply tartly, "I was
sleeping in a ditch with fifteen
Frenchmen."

For four years the D'Artois had a
baby every twelve months, first Robert
and Michel, then Nadya and Tina, all
today between the ages of seven and
three. There it would seem their story,
which fits all the specifications of a
popular novel, should reach its con-
ventionally happy ending.

But life for professional officers is a
game of cards and last March Guy
was dealt orders for Korea. Sonia
settled down with a shrug and a smile
to the humdrum life of wife of an
absent soldier.

Since Guy went away Sonia has had
a maid to help her with the children.
This gives her an opportunity to do a
few evening chores for the IODE of
which she is an enthusiastic member.

She loves Quebec City. It satisfies
her Francophilia. She is taking pains
to see that her children grow up
bilingual. "But it is important that
one language should be dominant," she
says. "The boys go to an English-
language school because English is more
useful. The girls will go to a French-
language school because French is more
becoming."

Austen Chamberlain once observed
that every Englishman had two coun-
tries—his own and France. Today
Sonia has three and finds no conflict
in her triple allegiance. She has lived
according to the best traditions of the
English ballad and the French *chansons
de geste*. Few new Canadians have got
off to a better start. ★

Ubiquitous Is The Word for Abbie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

revealed her formula for getting things
done. The aldermen were discussing
a request to the provincial government
for financial aid. One man reminded
the others that the city had already
made one attempt.

"Well, we didn't get it, did we?"
Mrs. Lane chimed in. "And if there's
one thing I've learned in life it's that
if you want anything you have to nag,
nag, nag."

"Sure, I'm persistent," she says. "I
don't mind getting in anyone's hair."

One night when the council was
about to discuss the qualifications of
a would-be city manager (it had
already decided to appoint a manager
to streamline the business of running
Halifax) Mrs. Lane suggested the alder-
men interview the applicant privately
in the mayor's office. They voted to
do so. But the then-mayor, Gordon
Kinley, who opposed the whole scheme,
refused to enter his office. He demanded
that the interview be held in the council
chambers.

Several aldermen shouted protests
but Mrs. Lane was the first on her feet.
She accused Kinley of trying to veto
the council. One by one the aldermen
got up and walked into the mayor's
office, leaving him behind. The
applicant was hired.

Later Mrs. Lane told a couple of
aldermen, "It took the poor lone
woman to carry the ball for all you
big husky men."

"God help the man who tried to
grab it before you," said Donahoe,
then an alderman.

At first Abbie was inclined to speak
as though she was the Voice of Woman-
kind. It chafed many of the aldermen
and in time she dropped it. But
sarcasm is still one of her big guns.

The night last April when the council
was scheduled to debate the Willow
Park Amateur Athletic Club's liquor
license, a highly partisan crowd of four
hundred jammed the dingy council
chambers and filled the corridor out-
side. Though it does have taverns and
hotels where beer and wine are sold
Halifax has no cocktail lounges. How-
ever some private clubs are licensed
by the city to sell liquor to members.
Mrs. Lane moved that the Willow
Park club's license be canceled, as the
club rooms were above a store fre-
quented by women and children.

She asked the club's lawyer, "What
kind of athletics are practiced in this
club?" The lawyer admitted he didn't
know, but it wasn't hockey, football
or baseball.

"Then athletics don't enter into it?"
"I wouldn't go that far."

"Only elbow-bending."

The spectators roared and the license
was laughed out of council.

That same month Abbie was re-
elected by acclamation for three years.

On a checkup visit to the city jail
she noticed five French-speaking in-
mates from one of the city's bawdy
houses busy knitting diamond socks.
In halting French she chatted through
the bars with them and learned that
when night fell they had to put their
knitting aside—there were no lights in
the cells. The alderman suggested the
prison provide lights.

When a young electrician told her it
was impossible to put wiring through
four feet of concrete she snapped back
at him: "I've lived longer than you
have and nothing is impossible." To
date, possible or not, the wiring hasn't
gone through.

Abbie's radio show is a relaxed piece

Daddy, what is stainless steel?



"Stainless steel is steel that doesn't stain. Most metals turn dark when acids or chemicals touch them. Even in the air, silver turns dark, copper roofs turn green, iron gets red with rust. If the right proportions of chromium and nickel are mixed into the steel when it is being made, it becomes 'stainless', even in many acids or chemicals, and also becomes rust-proof."



"Is it used for anything besides saucepans like these new ones of mother's?"

"Yes, the huge cooking pots in food plants are stainless steel. So is our sink bowl, not only because it's so easy to keep clean, and rust-proof, but also because it is so hard and strong it doesn't scratch or dent. Stainless steel is also used in hundreds of industries where acids and other chemicals are handled. Whole railway coaches are made of stainless steel because it is so tough and strong, and doesn't even need to be painted."



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for a man's beer!

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drink with plenty of old-time flavour—hearty, zestful and satisfying—switch now to Labatt's India Pale Ale... I.P.A. is a real man's drink. John Labatt Limited.

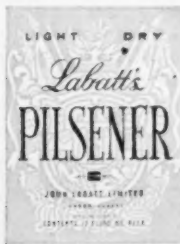
A beer for every taste



smoother, lighter flavour



a man's drink



light dry sparkle

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of business right from the time she starts jotting down ideas on the back of an envelope. She usually arrives at CJCH about five minutes before she's due to go on the air. She has a cigarette, swaps wisecracks with the announcers and heads for a two-by-four studio when the clock indicates 10.45. Her theme, the Emperor Waltz, is played and an announcer plugs a potion guaranteed to relieve asthma.

She pulls the notes from her purse (she seldom has a script) and starts in. Her subject may be anything from sex education to the origin of the Christmas card, household hints for homemakers to Sonja Henie's late morning sleeps (the skater once stood her up on an interview date).

Her fan mail consists mostly of requests for recipes, advice or assistance. A prisoner in the city jail wrote asking her to send him a shaving kit, comb, shoes and a shirt and would she please take up his case with the attorney-general. He explained he was just a young chap who had been led astray. Abbie checked his record and found he had twenty-eight previous convictions.

The Thing Scared Abigail

One Friday after she had given out a recipe for lemon snow she got a call from an angry listener. "How do you expect me to copy all that down? I missed the Coventry tartlets last week too..." It was a man. On another occasion the phone by her bed woke her at two a.m. "We have a terrible predicament," a woman told her. "You've got to help us. We just bid six no trump, and went down two, vulnerable and doubled. What do we count?"

Sometimes the problems are real. A distraught woman had a touchy legal tangle involving her husband's illegitimate child. Abbie told her to hold onto the phone while she ran next door and asked her neighbor, a Supreme Court judge. She was back three minutes later with his opinion.

Abbie gives freely of her own opinions on a lot of subjects, movies among them. She once stormed into the manager's office of a downtown theatre and demanded that *The Thing*, a piece of interplanetary horror, be taken off the screen. It stayed. She slammed it on the radio next morning. "It was just too fantastic for children," she recalls. "I saw them in a state of hysteria." Her broadcast brought quick results: radio listeners beat a path to the box office.

Finlay MacDonald, CJCH's thirty-year-old manager, calls Abbie "the most prominent woman in the public life of the Maritimes."

There was one occasion, however, when MacDonald and Mrs. Lane would have been happy if everyone in Halifax had been listening to their rival, CHNS. That was Nov. 9, 1951, the day Elizabeth and Philip left Halifax. Abbie went on the air with a few candid after-the-ball remarks and the resulting rumpus went on for days.

She had no script and no recording of her broadcast was made, so it is difficult to obtain her exact words. But there are many versions of what she said. One credits her with the comment that the Princess showed her grandmother's austerity and lacked the friendliness and smile of her own mother. According to this version, Abbie said the people of Halifax felt let down after standing in the rain for two days. The conclusion was that she felt the young Elizabeth was no shucks compared to her mother.

"It wasn't so much what Mrs. Lane said but the way she said it," one woman recalls. "Her voice was com-

pletely cold and disinterested, like cotton wool. But, personally, I agreed with her."

Another version again is that she commented icily, "So this is the fairy princess..."

Abbie denies these stories but admits the broadcast was an error—in timing, not contents. If it had been made a few weeks after the visit, she believes, there would have been no fuss. "I merely said what everybody else was saying and thinking," she adds. "I suppose that was wrong."

Her account is that she said the weather had spoiled things, that the Princess appeared tired and still a bit scared after her long trip and that she didn't seem to be too sure of herself. Reporters and radio commentators across Canada had been saying as much for weeks. However, she admits she did mention the 1939 visit of the late King George VI and Queen Elizabeth and referred to the Queen's poise and her warm smile. "No comparison was made," she says, "and none was intended."

Before her broadcast was finished enraged listeners, mostly anonymous, demanded by phone that she be taken off the air. The pay-off came a few hours later when the afternoon Mail-Star came out with a picture of the previous day's presentation of Halifax's official gift. The Princess was wearing her biggest smile and it was aimed right at Abbie.

There was talk that Mrs. Lane would be drummed out of the IODE. Instead, five months later they made her provincial president and she became a national vice-president of the super-loyal organization.

Abbie has some pretty definite ideas about woman's role in the world. "Her place is in the home if her children need her," she says. "But if she has no children, or if they've reached an independent age, she owes it to her community to get out and do something."

"Women learned during the war years that they could spare time away from the kitchen for other jobs. Now we shouldn't allow ourselves to slip back into complete domesticity. Outside interests make a woman more attractive to her husband and they keep her from becoming lonely in old age."

Abbie was born fifty-four years ago in Halifax. Her father, Dr. Hartley Jacques, died when she was a child and her mother took her to live in Brooklyn, N.Y. In grade eight Abbie was expelled from P.S. 47 for refusing to salute the Stars and Stripes, a fitting start for any Daughter of the Empire. Her mother marched her right back.

She went to high school in Truro, N.S. In her spare time she went to the Agricultural College there and taught the intricacies of the waltz. She met Fred Lane at a tea dance, a

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preoccupation of the Twenties, and they were married when she was twenty-six. She spent the next eighteen years as a mother and housewife, before plunging into the business world.

The Lanes have three children. Jean, fourteen, is at high school; Ted, twenty, is articled to an accountant; and Margaret, twenty-seven, lives with her husband and three-year-old daughter in Montreal. Fred Lane now takes an encouraging go-to-it view of his wife's public life. He shrugs off the inevitable whispered references to "Mr. Abbie Lane" but finds it a bit palling being

included in groups of "aldermen and their wives."

The family lives in a large, comfortable grey-shingle house in the west end of Halifax. A colored maid does the housework and most of the cooking. Abbie is a good cook but can't sew a stitch. She still does all her own shopping. She has been active in amateur theatricals for years and appears in plays put on by the Theatre Arts Guild. Her forte is what she terms "bitchy parts"—acidulous old maids or sophisticated women of the world.

On radio and stage and at City Hall she insists on being called Abbie Lane. At home and at the IODE she's Mrs. F. A. Lane. She's also meticulous about the spelling of her Christian name. She doesn't like to be confused with Abbie Lane, the voluptuous wife of band-leader Xavier Cugat.

She has always been outspoken and therefore it came as no great surprise when, several years ago, she had a genealogist trace back her family's history and he discovered she was a descendant of Priscilla ("Speak for yourself, John") Alden. ★

The Forty-Inch Panhandler

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

notice him on the street somewhere. I would see him two or three times a week. Sometimes he had a shoe-shining box stuffed up under his arm: a big box, but it never seemed to be any strain on him to carry it. He was strong as wire. Sometimes he'd be walking along plucking the sleeve of a soldier, looking up into his face and pointing across the street at the palmistry place after the soldier had put some money in his hand.

I got so I could pass him by even if his toes had been sticking out of his shoes. But they weren't.

ONE DAY about the middle of the afternoon Miss Margott, my chair nurse, came into the laboratory in the little room between the two operating rooms: one I use for extractions and the other for general work. I was fixing up the wax impression of a lower plate to send in to the laboratory that does my prosthetic work.

"There's a little boy," she said, "here without appointment and alone. He says his tooth hurts him badly. You'll see him, won't you?" She glanced at the wax impression of the lower I was working on: "That Mrs. Cookman?"

I nodded, laid Mrs. Cookman carefully aside and stepped to the lavatory to wash my hands. "Put him in there. I'll be in in a minute."

I went in wiping my hands and I threw the towel into the hamper before I turned to him. "Well, son, what seems to be the trouble?"

There he sat, not a mite bigger than he had been the first time I saw him. He squirmed and tried to slide up into a better sitting position on the slippery leather seat, and pointed to his jaw. "It aches like hell," he said, his two little seed-black eyes directed on me with that full brazen unblinkingness that he got from being on the street.

"Umph huh." I put the mirror in his mouth and took a look. "Guess it ought to come out, son. It's too far gone to save it."

"Awright. Take it out. I had teeth pulled out before." He clenched his small brown fingers around the chair arm and strained his head back and opened his mouth wide.

"Do you have any money? It will cost you three dollars to have that tooth out."

Without opening his eyes or closing his mouth he rolled his head back and forth. "Nope. Ain't got no money," he said.

"Well, I'm sorry, son. I can't take that tooth out for you without the money."

Miss Margott was standing over by the sterilizer getting the Novocain needle ready and she wheeled around and stared at me with real horror in her face.

"Aw go on, mister. It won't take a minute a' your time."

I just picked up another towel to wash my hands again and went back through the laboratory to the other



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chair. Miss Margott followed me in and stood in dumfounded silence at my indifference.

"Well, Dr. Stillman," she said stiffly. "If you must have your pay before you'll relieve that suffering little boy I'll pay for it." She hadn't been with me but five weeks and I could see she was on the point of leaving. Mercenary, inhuman monster, leaving a child to suffer. I could practically hear the words going through her brain.

There was nothing I could say right there. She was still a stranger to me and I couldn't express myself easily. I had a definite feeling of self-righteousness that made me uncomfortable. But I still felt I should be firm. Soft-hearted touches were making a panhandler out of this bright little devil. There wasn't any time to deliver a sermon if I could have delivered it. So Miss Margott and I turned backs on each other and said nothing. All she could see was that appealing little face with a tooth that ached.

I went back into the room where the kid was. "That tooth should come out, son. It is going to ache all night. Your mother home, son?"

"Home?"

"Well, wherever it is she's always at—at the palmistry place."

The boy shrugged. "I guess so."

"Well, you go get her. I don't like to extract a tooth for you and leave you to go out on the street alone. You go get your mother and ask her to come back here with you. Just to be sure you get home all right."

"Me? I'll get home."

"Well—go get your mother anyway. It's rules."

The kid slipped out of the chair, caught Miss Margott's eye and winced at the pain his tooth was causing him, put his hand to his sore cheek and ran out the door.

Miss Margott despised me. She didn't say a word to me, just mumbled "poor kid" to herself.

"He's a tough little wheedler and it's people like you that make him worse." Everything I said was inadequate and I was muddled myself.

She just cast me a look.

"My God—I don't need the money—it's not the money. I pay too much income tax already . . ."

It was no use.

IN A half hour he was back with his mother. She filled the reception room with her person and there was a smell of rancid olive oil. She had on a bright green skirt today with a dirty yellow blouse and a wide green sash, a different green from the skirt and very shiny.

I had Dan Prebble's daughter in the chair with a rubber dam over her mouth. It's not one of those jobs you can leave and come back to. I had to stay right with it. So I had to keep them waiting.

Events were against me. My chair nurse was filled with so much animosity toward me that my rubber-dam patient was becoming uneasy. She'd be sure to mention it to her father—president of Rotary that year. I began to feel very jittery. There was an unspeaking quiet with nothing but the clink of the instruments and the wincing grunts of the nervous patient. To make it intolerable the boy's mother pushed open the door every so often and looked in at me.

I realized then, moral attitude or not, that I would have been better off had I extracted the tooth at once, patted the kid on the head and let him scamper off. Instead, here I was with a sceptical patient, a chair nurse who would probably walk out on me at the end of the day and a giant belligerent woman charging around the reception room.

And, of course, there was still a little boy with a toothache.

My own head ached.

"Still feel numb?" I tried to say lightly to Miss Prebble stepping out of the chair. She nodded glumly.

The gypsy woman pushed into the operating room again and I motioned that she should bring the little boy in. I left Miss Margott to put the napkin on his neck and arrange the head rest.

When I came in with the Novocain needle he had his little fists doubled and his huge mother stood beside the chair. I started to explain that no one but the

patient was allowed in the operating room, but decided to waive further rules and get the thing over with. So I said nothing. The lid of the sterilizer banged shut and I asked the boy to open his mouth.

The mother stood there with her hostile eyes on me and I injected the Novocain. "You won't feel a thing in a few moments, boy."

I let him sit twenty minutes while I did a diagnosis in the other chair then I went back to him. "You feel numb, son?"

"No."

The mother edged nearer and set her hands on the wide square hips.

I probed the boy's mouth gently and he screamed. "All right, son, now take it easy. We'll have to give you another needle. We won't do a thing until it takes effect. Just relax now."

I called for another Novocain and injected it carefully. Then I went back to the other chair. Meanwhile my reception room was piling up. The schedule was already a half hour off. Had it been another patient I could have sent him back to the reception room to wait. But I didn't want to risk

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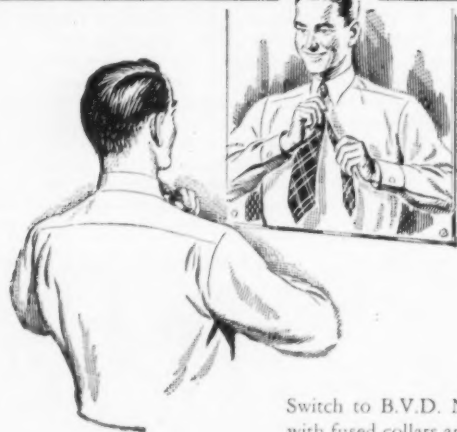
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a scene. Miss Margott punched her head into the laboratory to tell me there were four people waiting. There was an abscess—swollen. "Should I tell him to go home and put an ice pack on until the swelling goes down?"

"I'll go talk to him," I said, trying to give the impression to the patient in this chair that I was giving her my undivided attention.

WHEN I went back to the boy Miss Margott stood ready again with the surgery unit for the extraction of the second bicuspid. The instruments were lying in a folded-over towel. I gingerly picked out the forceps.

"How's it feel, son. You feel numb?"

"No."

I drooped. My forehead started to perspire. I glanced at Miss Margott. "Not numb at all? You sure?"

"I'm sure," the boy said looking from one to the other of us, frightened. "Let me look."

He flinched away until I asked Miss Margott to take the instruments. Then he opened his mouth, his eyes wide and startled. He screamed his head off when I touched him.

"All right, son," I said wearily and went back into the laboratory. Miss Margott followed me, absolutely silent.

"I think he's becoming the symptoms of the anaesthetic. Only once in thirty years of practice have I had trouble with my anaesthetic."

When a second injection fails I don't usually give another. I wait until another day to operate. Today I didn't know what to do. If I sent the boy out without extracting there would be a scene I hesitated to imagine in front of a full waiting room.

"I can't try another nerve block," I said to Miss Margott. I outlined the whole problem and asked her to try to explain it to the mother. "Meanwhile keep all this particular batch together. If some of it is defective we'll have to send it back to the manufacturer. But I still think he's becoming the symptoms—I can tell pretty quick if I can get in his mouth. I don't want to hurt the little fellow," I said to her disappearing back. "Just tell her he hasn't reacted to the anaesthetic. We'll try something else."

I knew trouble was inevitable, but I was now like a fellow in a canoe who has started over the rapids. Too late he realizes he's a fool.

I went in with an empty syringe and pretended to give another injection. "I know what the trouble is, son. I've been giving you what I usually give to boys your age. It didn't take. This is a real man's anaesthetic. You'll be all right now."

I breathed a sigh of relief at my own inventiveness and he opened wide without flinching. I glanced at Miss Margott and she laid the surgery kit out for me again on the tray.

WHEN I finally dropped the miserable little tooth into the cup on the chair tray the woman was yelling bloody murder in Hungarian. Swear words I imagine. The little boy slid out of the chair like a rag doll and was hanging onto her. Miss Margott was trying to assuage the crowd in the waiting room and I was trying to give post-operative instruction. But I gave up.

"This is what you get when you're a free case. I'll slit your throat in your sleep."

I tried to maintain a professional calm. Miss Margott who should have attended to this emergency was busy with another one. "Madam," I said, in what I thought was a commanding timbre of voice, "this was NOT a free case. Three dollars is my charge for

a simple extraction. I want you to understand that the problem with the anaesthetic was beyond my control..."

"Three dollars!... for MURDER." She flourished toward the blood on the napkin and screamed the word again, then lapsed into her incomprehensible tongue.

Finally I broke in and spoke the last word: "Madam, I have explained to you that this is no free handout. You understand? And there'll be no more screaming about it. I am very sorry about the anaesthetic difficulty but it's a greater loss to me than to you, I assure you." I turned and went in to the other operating chair, already filled with a tired old lady waiting for a full mouth impression.

OBVIOUSLY had made my point with the gypsy woman for every day or so the boy came to the office with a quarter. The three dollars was well on its way to being paid up when I ran into him with his shoe-shining box. He



was always careful to carry that now. I pretended not to notice him and passed him by, but I could hear him at the coat sleeve of the man behind me. I could hear the beseeching little voice and picture the bold little black eyes snapping with entreaty. I walked on faster.

When I got to the corner, waiting for the traffic signal, he sidled up beside me. "Here you are, doc, another quarter." Just as the other man came up beside us.

The quarter was in my hand. "How much's that I owe you now, doc?"

"Seventy-five cents," I said, roughly piercing him through with my gaze, determined to carry it through.

The man at the curb beside me was looking at me in horror a thousand times worse than Miss Margott's. He reached over and jerked the boy's shoulder. "Here, son, you pay that man." He put a dollar bill in the boy's hand and turned to stare pointedly at me. The imp below us stuck out the dollar bill. "Here you are, doc. Now we're square, and you owe me a quarter's change. Next time I want a tooth out I won't come to you."

"Well, I should say not," the man beside him growled. "A child who has to beg medical care in the street. It's a disgrace to the community. A disgrace."

The little fellow stood beyond my reach with his cap in his hand and his eyes rolling around following its wheel-like movement. "You see, doc, I told you I'd pay," he said, with his eyes seeking the man who glowered beside me. ★

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What the Strike Did To Louiseville

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

left. I want to go somewhere else and get away from it."

The day after I arrived Mayor Raoul Saint-Jean rescinded the Riot Act. He explained to me: "I had received numerous complaints from the merchants that people were afraid to come into the streets to do their Christmas shopping. Business was at a standstill. So I went to Quebec City and explained the situation to the Solicitor-General, who agreed with my view that the act should be rescinded."

The mayor, a quiet soft-spoken grey-haired man of slight figure, showed the sign of strain in his face. He did not wish to comment on the strike. "I do not wish to get in the middle," he said.

There was an immediate reaction to the lifting of the Riot Act. People appeared in numbers on the streets again and even stopped to chat with each other. The bustle of pre-Christmas shopping gave rue St. Laurent a pleasant atmosphere and I saw children standing in front of the cardboard Manger scene of the birth of Christ. The feeling of relaxation was apparent in the attitude of people to whom I talked. It was glad, and pathetic. For behind the transitory relief, Louiseville could not hide the fact that ten months of labor war had turned a pleasant and placid town into an angry town, a bitter town, a poor town, a frightened town, a dangerous town.

During the next five days, and in a subsequent visit after the New Year, I talked to many people in Louiseville; the curé, Monseigneur Donat Baril; company manager Oscar Marc-Aurèle; deputy Germain Caron, Union Nationale member of the provincial parliament for the district, who had been a leader in efforts to settle the strike; special officer Paul Benoit and other members of the provincial police; strike leaders Raymond Gagnon, Raymond Couture and Gaston Bourbonnière; as well as merchants, strikers and strike-breakers, and workers at other plants. The strike has affected them all deeply, unhappily. For many the effects have been tragic, and perhaps permanent.

In spite of the sharp divergence of the opposing points of view it is possible to establish a degree of agreement on the background and cause of the strike.

Associated Textiles Company is one of fourteen units which compose United Merchants and Manufacturers Inc., of New York City. The other thirteen units are all located in the southern United States. The plant was established at Louiseville in 1929 and the American Federation of Labor succeeded in forming a union among its workers. The Turgeon Report of 1936 recorded that the average wage at Louiseville at that time was the lowest in the Quebec textile industry and, in 1938 on March 6, the union struck for higher wages. Two days later the workers responded to a company call to return to work and the union collapsed.

There was no union at Associated Textiles from that date until the Catholic Textile Syndicate organized in 1946. In 1947 the Syndicate struck for higher wages and a contract and won after a two-week strike. Removal of price ceilings at that time enabled the company to grant increases five cents over the union's demand. The strike was peaceful, without incident or serious bitterness.

In February of 1951, with the current contract between the company and the union soon to expire, the whole

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textile industry was in a slump, from which it is only now beginning to recover. The union advised that it was renouncing the contract, but later indicated that it wished only to modify certain clauses. In view of the state of the industry generally and with the plant operating only a few days a week, the company offered an increase of eight and a half cents an hour. The union asked for a general increase of twenty cents an hour, plus an adjustment of five cents for certain categories. The union's most persistent argument was that the average rate at Associated Textile Company at that time was 73½ cents an hour compared with the provincial average in the industry of 97.7 cents.

The two parties were unable to agree on wages and on other less important questions. In November 1951 an arbitration board recommended an increase of eight and a half cents an hour plus one extra paid holiday. Post-arbitration conciliation followed and provincial Labor Minister Antonio Barrette entered the scene in an endeavor to head off the strike for which the workers had voted overwhelmingly on three separate occasions.

Then occurred an incident which convinced the union that the company was trying to force it into a strike. With the company's approval Barrette offered the union an increase of eight and a half cents retroactive to April 1, 1951, plus two and a half cents after April 1, 1952. The union accepted, but when Barrette advised the company of this he learned the company wished to withdraw four clauses of the contract which had previously existed. These clauses had granted the union check-off, a modified union shop, union consultation on job changes and overtime.

Barrette wrote the company president, Paul-Emile Collette, accusing the company of putting him in an impossible position with the union. The company gave the union a week, declaring that if the offer was not accepted within that time it would hold no further negotiations. On March 10, at 3.30 p.m., strike organizers swept through the plant and cleared it of all workers. They chained and padlocked the gates, but later in the day at the request of plant manager Oscar Marc-Aurèle, they sent firemen and caretakers back to work to look after the plant.

That night, at a meeting of the strikers, provincial deputy Germain Caron associated himself with the strikers, declaring: "I have seen that the union wanted to come to an agreement, but each time they were on the point of agreeing the company would make a step back. It is an attitude which I do not understand, and I do not admit, and I will be with you to the end."

The union raid was the first of a series of events which developed in mounting tension to reach a bloody climax on December 11. Plant Manager Marc-Aurèle said with heat: "The union made itself the sole master of private property which did not belong to it. On three different occasions company officers were refused admission to the plant by union pickets. Are we supposed to be living in a democracy?"

On March 15 the company served the union with an injunction, forbidding any union member entry to the plant. The union promptly withdrew its firemen and caretakers from the plant. Explaining the abrupt way that the strike was called and the union's subsequent refusal to allow anyone to cross the picket line one union official said to me: "When we became convinced that the company's object was

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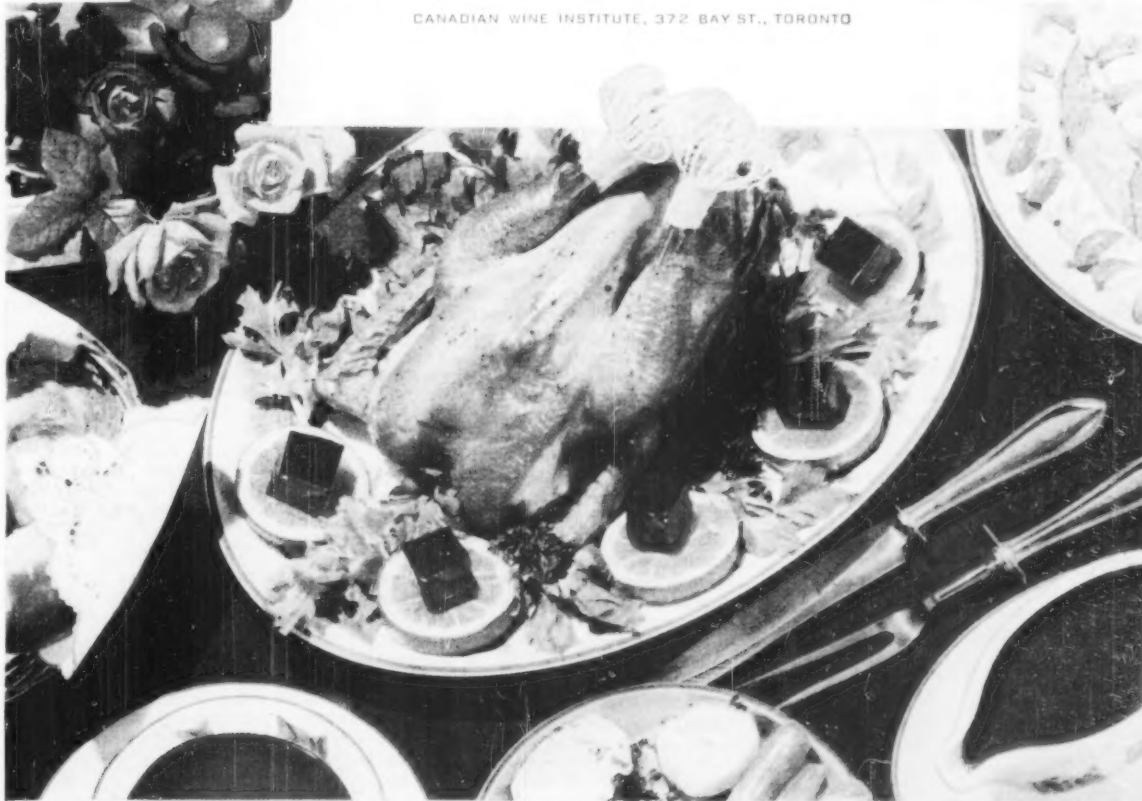
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to force us into a strike under adverse conditions we decided that we would not just sit back and let them prepare for the strike in their own good time. The previous week the plant had worked a full week for the first time in months. We thought that if we could embarrass them with a quick strike we might be able to secure a quick settlement. They forced us to withdraw our caretakers and firemen, so, if the plant deteriorated, it was through the company's injunction."

By a writ of mandamus the company on April 1 forced the town of Louiseville to provide police protection for company officials wishing to enter the plant. Germain Caron, the local MPP, declares that it was only after he asked for and was refused a union guarantee that company officials would be allowed to go into the plant unmolested that provincial police were finally sent to Louiseville. The police arrived on May 13, and company officials entered the plant under their protection.

The strikers used the town fire siren to call out more pickets and when the company officials came out of the plant they found themselves confronted by about three hundred strikers. They drove off under a shower of stones.

The next day, with union permission, company officials again returned to the plant to make a detailed survey of the damage. Each official was accompanied by two strikers. They found more than six hundred panes of glass smashed, and all the rolls in the spinning and cog rooms weighed down with cloth that flattened the rubber rolls. Subsequently the company filed a suit against the union for damages of \$230,000. The union countered with a suit for \$94,000, and an injunction against company officials for intimidation.

For the next four months the conflict was waged along legal lines. The union did not fare well. On May 1 three strike leaders were arrested for conspiracy; Bourbonnière and Gagnon were convicted. Other arrests followed later that month, including that of V. A. Héroux, vice-president of the union and a town councillor. On June 11 the strikers, about six hundred strong, made a pilgrimage to Cap-de-la-Madeleine, twenty-six miles away, to pray for a settlement. Otherwise the months passed uneventfully. The mill remained closed, and the strikers and provincial police fraternized, playing softball and pitching horseshoes together. Union officials cautioned picketers: "Remember, we are not striking against the police."

It was the calm before the storm. On June 6 Germain Caron, the MPP, went to New York in an effort to secure a settlement before the approaching provincial elections. He returned with an offer of twelve cents an hour, but no union contract. This, in the eyes of the union, was the final proof that the company wished to destroy it. Later Caron was to declare that a union contract was part of the offer, but this declaration is not supported by newspaper reports at that time or the company's present version of the offer.

It was at about this time that Germain Caron came to feel that the strike was being used for political purposes by the Liberal Party for the coming election. He noted that Gaston Ledoux, union organizer from Granby, was a Liberal candidate in the election, as were union legal advisers René Hamel and Jacques Lacoursière. He wondered publicly whether there were communists among the strikers and he denounced what he considered to be the political aspects of the strike.

I asked strike leader Raymond Gagnon about this. "Politics always hurts the cause of a strike," he said frankly.



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"I personally was sorry to see Ledoux run for office, because he was successful and now we have lost a good organizer. But we used both Liberal and Union Nationale lawyers. The only trouble was that the Union Nationale lawyers usually advised us to plead guilty to charges."

The election took place on July 16 and the Duplessis Government was returned to office with a substantial majority. Events moved quickly from that point.

On July 21 about thirty provincial police, headed by Paul Benoit, arrived to supplement the original ten who had arrived in May. The company opened its doors with ample police protection and seventeen strikers of the original eight hundred returned to work. Recruitments from the farming districts around Louiseville brought this number up to about a hundred. By Dec. 11, eighty-nine former strikers were back at their jobs and strikebreakers had brought the total number working at the plant to about five hundred.

The reopening of the plant and the arrival of the heavy police reinforcements brought about a drastic change in the atmosphere of Louiseville. There were frequent clashes between the strikers and strikebreakers, with numerical superiority on the side of the former. At night windows of strikebreakers were broken and a mysterious fire broke out at the farm of one strikebreaker from the country. The police patrolled the streets at night and the strikers had their own patrols to watch the police. The atmosphere of terror which each side accused the other of creating grew steadily. On Aug. 12 the town council demanded that the police limit their activity to protecting the property of the company, and in another resolution stated flatly: "The Council of Louiseville condemns the gestures, the attitudes and the propaganda of Associated Textiles in the present strike."

That same month, the Bishop of Three Rivers, Monseigneur G. L. Pelletier, intervened with a compromise solution. Eventual answer of the company was that it was honor bound to guarantee the jobs of the strikebreakers, but that it was willing to take back the strikers if and when it could find place for them. The carefree softball-playing *entente* between the police and the strikers had deteriorated to, successively, a cold war and a series of ugly little skirmishes and accusations. Ovila Bourassa, secretary-treasurer of the union, was telling this story:

"On Sept. 2, at 3.15 in the morning, I was in charge at the union hall. I saw one of the provincial police cars pull up outside. There were about fifteen pickets standing around. I recognized the two provincial police who got out of the car as Jacques Pilon and Leon Vendette. Pilon was not walking straight, but he climbed up on a sandpile in front of the hall, and he had his revolver in his right hand and a tear-gas pistol in his left hand. He shouted: 'If you don't stop I will kill you. I can kill four of you with this'—and he waved the revolver—'and I can put all of you to sleep with this'—and he waved the tear-gas pistol. I went to the phone and I called special officer Benoit at the textile plant. He arrived in a few minutes with officer Bergeron and I told him what happened. He promised me that it would not happen again and he asked me if I wanted to report it. I said I did, but that is the last I heard of it."

Aurèle Duhaime was telling this story: "On the third of October I attended a meeting at the church and left there about ten minutes to six to see the scabs come out of the plant as

usual. I was alone when I reached the corner of Notre Dame. The automobiles of the scabs passed me and I heard a noise like breaking glass. I turned around but I didn't see anyone and I went on. Then I saw a police car coming and I was afraid. So I went into a lane to get out of the way. I was running when I heard several pistol shots, four or five, and I felt something hit my leg. I fell down. I was too frightened to move, and there I heard someone shout behind me to stop or they would fire. I stayed

there without moving. Then police officer Vendette grabbed me by the collar and arrested me."

For an outside observer to weigh such charges with exactitude is impossible. The point is that the strikers weighed them, and others similar to them, decided they were true, and in some cases magnified them in the retelling. On Dec. 8, at night, a bus that was parked in the rear of the Chateau Louise was damaged by dynamite, and this raised tension to a breaking point.

Then prospects of victory fading, the strikers decided on a desperate gamble in the hope of regaining the initiative. Pickets opposite the plant had been limited to twenty by an agreement between Gagnon and Benoit. The union decided to break the agreement and parade to the plant in force.

The attempt was made the next day. The police met the strikers as they began to assemble. There was a certain amount of pushing and shoving, but it was almost courtly in comparison with the violence that was to erupt two days later. The parade was easily dispersed.

The strikers determined to try again and the police were amply warned. During the day of Dec. 10 rumors flew around the town. The most lurid one was that the strikers intended to force their way into the plant, wreck the machines, then proceed to the home of Alexandre Beland, who owns Empire Shirts and who had openly declared his sympathy with the company, and then to the home of the manager Marc-Aurèle, which had been damaged earlier in the year by a vandal.

Benoit refused to take this rumor seriously but he did know that the next attempt at a parade would be more serious, and he was on the move early on the morning of Dec. 11. The familiar sound of the fire siren rousing the strikers brought him to the strike headquarters where he saw reinforcements from Granby getting out of a bus. He had already roused Judge Omer Rinfret to stand by for the reading of the Riot Act. He noted that the strikers were carrying their placards with serviceable hardwood clubs rather than the long fragile poles customarily used. He went back to the textile company and told his men to stand by with tear-gas guns ready. When he saw the parade coming up rue Notre Dame he observed grimly that there were no women and children marching. This was to be it.

Regarding what followed there are many confusing and confused reports, as there are bound to be concerning a clash that occurs in the early hours of a winter morning. Benoit's position is quite clear. He was there to prevent what he considered to be criminal acts and illegal assembly. With court actions pending on a score of cases he and other police officers feel they are unable to make any comment on versions of the affairs that were recounted to me by strikers and non-striking bystanders. But, as far as he is concerned, what he and his officers did was in line with their duty to disperse an illegal assembly.

Benoit says that when the massed strikers arrived in front of the plant, he told Gagnon that only twenty were entitled to picket and that the rest must disperse. Then, he says, the strikers began to attack the provincial police. Benoit thereupon read the Riot Act, and dispersed the strikers, arresting those who did not go immediately.

Gagnon describes the events thus: "There were about three hundred of us parading to the plant. We intended to march past it and endeavor by a show of strength to persuade the scabs not to cross the picket line. When we



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reached the plant Benoit stopped me and told me that we were not allowed more than twenty pickets in front of the gate. I replied that I knew that and I went back to the parade to detach twenty men for picket duty and to resume our march. At this point Benoit came up and told us to go home, that he was declaring the Riot Act and that we had thirty minutes to get home. Then he turned to his police and said: 'Go ahead, boys. Give it to them.'

"The police fired their tear-gas pistols. I looked around. Everyone was running and the police were after them with blackjacks and clubs. I made my way back to the union hall as quickly as I could and found about a hundred strikers there. Emilien Lacombe's two young boys had just been picked up by the police up on St. Laurent Street, and some of the strikers wanted to go to rescue them, but I told them not to give the police any excuse to go after us. Then a police prowl car started to pass the hall, and someone threw a couple of snowballs at it. The car stopped and backed up about twenty feet. I turned away and started toward the steps that lead to the hall with Adrian Dumas. I didn't hear anything, but my hat flew into the air. I reached over to pick it up from the ground and noticed a hole in the crown. Then Dumas fell beside me, and blood began to run out of his neck and face on the snow. Everyone broke and ran, and I looked back. Police officer Benoit Casgrain was still firing his revolver, and I am mortally certain that he was firing at me. I picked Dumas from the ground and carried him up the stairs into the union hall.

"I thought he was done for, so I called the priest, and I called a doctor. The first doctor I called told me that he couldn't come. His office was full of wounded strikers. So I called Dr. Marchand who is really a baby specialist. He told me to bring Dumas over.

"By this time Benoit had arrived. He was downstairs, outside the hall, and I went out and told him that I had a man with two bullet holes in him. I thought there were two, for the bullet went in his neck and came out through his jaw. Benoit told me to take Dumas to the doctor, so I went over to Marchand's office. It was full of injured strikers. I stayed there, helping as much as I could. Then they told me that everyone was being arrested, so I slipped away and made myself scarce."

Bellarmin Hemond is a butcher. He was roused by the fire siren that morning and he decided to see what was happening at the textile plant. So he cut across a field behind the church, together with other curious onlookers, and at the college skating rink he was in a grandstand spot. He saw the strikers come up. He saw Benoit speak to Gagnon. Then, he says, the police let fire with their tear gas. He did not see any striker attempt to attack a policeman. "The strikers didn't resist," he told me. "They ran. But it didn't do them much good."

Hemond beat a discreet retreat when he saw the chase was coming in his direction. He went back to his store, which is diagonally across from the union hall. There, he said: "Strikers were being pushed down the stairs of the union hall, beaten over the head with blackjacks and clubs, and those who were arrested were being tossed bodily into the patrol wagon. It seemed to be jammed with strikers, but they kept making room for more. It was an ugly sight, and I felt sick."

Jean-Paul Lamy, a striker, says: "We were marching along Notre Dame

Street and when we got to St. Martin we stopped a few seconds. I saw the police beside the company gate go into single file and I heard someone say, 'Keep moving.' That is what we were doing. I was at the front of the parade, among the first six, just between the houses of Racine and Dechene. Then I heard a policeman's bat hitting, and I ran into the yard beside Racine's truck. I heard a policeman fire twice and I heard someone swear. Someone else said: 'I forbid you to go on my property.' That is when I saw Paul Benoit, who was close to Dechene's house. He was reading from a paper and I heard a few words, something about the name of the Queen and going peacefully. Then I heard someone running, and I started to run away, toward the fence. I had my hand on the fence to jump over when I received a blow on my head from a stick. I don't remember anything else till I came to on the street. They were beating me and I cried to them to leave me alone, that I had had enough. I heard one of them say: 'All you have to do is to go to work, and you wouldn't get it.' I must have passed out then. I remember coming to again, and then passing out, I don't know how many times. And I remember many blows, and a kick when they put me into the patrol wagon. I was in there a long time, and I asked to see a doctor. An ambulance took me to the doctor, but when I got there I couldn't stand up. I fell on the floor. I wanted to talk, but I couldn't. I heard someone say: 'It's Lamy,' and I recognized the voice of Raymond Gagnon. I remember Abbé Dionne. I took his hand because I couldn't talk."

Sylvio Carpentier recalls: "I was standing on the sidewalk beside Mr. Dechene's house when I heard the chief of the police say that we were to go home. Then I received a blow over the head and I didn't remember anything. I was on the ground when I felt other blows on the back, and I heard a policeman say: 'Pass me that one.' Then I felt more blows, one on my left eye. I lost consciousness again, and then I remember being dragged to the patrol wagon, and someone hit me again and I heard another policeman say: 'Let him alone. He's had enough.' Someone hit me in the back and said, 'Get in there, you.' I don't remember anything else for a while, and then I remember other picketers being pushed and thrown into the patrol wagon. I heard terrible cries and then we went to the Syndicate hall and more people were pushed in. I asked to be taken to a doctor and they took me to Dr. Marchand. Then they took me to a hospital in Three Rivers, and after eight days there I came home. Now I don't feel too bad."

Romeo Milette is a striker, in his sixties: "At six-thirty in the morning we set out from the Syndicate hall, passing by St. Antoine, St. Laurent, Notre Dame and arrived at St. Martin Street. We started along this last street when a striker gave us the signal to return, and we turned around. Mr. Benoit said, 'No, not on that side, on the other side,' and we obeyed him. As I turned I received a blow on the head from a stick which made a cut three inches long. I fell on the ground and while I was on the ground I received another blow on my arm. I lost consciousness, and when I came to, another policeman came and hit me again. I said to stop, that I had had enough and was nearly dead. I got off the veranda to go on Notre Dame Street to go to the doctor, and I saw officer Contant, and I said to him that they gave me twenty minutes to go home and I didn't think I could get home in that little time. He took



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LOOKS AND WASHES LIKE BAKED ENAMEL

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1. Unlike ordinary enamels, Kem-Glo covers most surfaces perfectly with one coat.
2. Even on raw wood or plaster, two coats are all you need; you save the cost of primers and undercoaters.

No brush marks! No laps! No streaks! Resists grease, steam, chipping and scuffing. Gorgeous "decorator" colors.

only \$3.05* quart

*prices slightly higher West of Ft. William

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'We painted our living room with

Kem-Tone

... for the price of a cotton house dress'



'YES' we used up less than \$4 worth of Kem-Tone to do the living room. We started with a gallon... one coat did a beautiful job... and left us enough to re-decorate the hall, too."

More people use KEM-TONE than any other flat wall paint. Its flat, matte finish is washable, beautiful in its range of restful "decorator" tones. And you can intermix or add Kem-Tone Tinting Colors to get any special shades you want. Most people find that applying Kem-Tone with a Roller Koater helps them do a faster, better job.

Here's how **Kem-Tone** stretches your paint dollar:

One gallon of Kem-Tone paste costs \$3.98*. When mixed according to directions your actual cost per gallon is only \$3.99. (One quart of Kem-Tone, after mixing, works out at only \$1.12* a quart!)

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Kem-Tone combines beauty with quality in an economy paint

The oil paint that mixes with water — dries in one hour — one coat covers most surfaces including wallpaper — one gallon does a large room. There's no painty odor, so you can paint with your windows closed



"OPERATION ALUMINUM"



KITIMAT ...half way

The first stage of the big aluminum development at Kitimat — 400 miles north of Vancouver — is moving ahead on schedule. KENNEY DAM is finished and water is rising in the 350-square-mile lake it is creating. The ten-mile TUNNEL, with a drop sixteen times that of Niagara Falls, is now driven about one-half of the way through the mountain toward the half-completed KEMANO POWERHOUSE. Rock miners, working under a mile-high mountain, are carving out a cavern three city blocks long, preparing the way for the installation of three 150,000 h.p. generators. TRANSMISSION LINE work is well advanced; the fifty miles of right-of-way between Kemano and Kitimat has been cleared and many of the 250 towers erected. The SMELTER is steadily rising in the cleared forest site. Target date for the first pour of aluminum is spring, 1954. Operation Aluminum in British Columbia is on schedule!

PERIBONKA ...nearing completion

The new CHUTE DU DIABLE powerhouse on the Peribonka River, in the Saguenay district, is in full operation. Its five 55,000 h.p. generators are now feeding power to Alcan's smelters in the Saguenay valley. CHUTE-A-LA-SAVANNE, downstream from Chute du Diable, is also rapidly approaching the day when all five of its generators will add 270,000 h.p. to the Saguenay power network. ISLE MALIGNE smelter addition is now in production and its full capacity is available for civilian and defense needs. In 1953, Alcan's four smelters in the Province of Quebec will produce over 1 BILLION POUNDS of aluminum ingot for the markets of the free world.

In the fifty-two years since the first Canadian aluminum plant opened at Shawinigan Falls, Canada's aluminum industry has grown to be the second largest in the world; and Canada now exports more aluminum than any other country.

Still the need grows, both at home and abroad, for this light, strong, modern metal of many uses. And Aluminum Company of Canada is putting man-power, and money, and engineering brains, and imagination into the job of keeping up with that demand.

Aluminum is "packaged power". The electricity needed

to produce one ton of aluminum would light the average home for nearly a generation.

By making use of Canada's abundant, low-cost power, this Canadian enterprise has created employment and income for tens of thousands: for the men who build and operate the dams and powerhouses, the docks and smelters and power lines it needs; and for the more than one thousand independent Canadian companies who turn aluminum into countless forms important to industry and our own daily living.

Aluminum



Company of Canada, Ltd.

Producers and processors of aluminum for Canadian industry and world markets

Plants at Shawinigan Falls • Arvida • Isle Maligne • Shipshaw • Peribonka • Port Alfred • Beauharnois • Wakefield • Kingston • Etobicoke

reached the plant Benoit stopped me and told me that we were not allowed more than twenty pickets in front of the gate. I replied that I knew that and I went back to the parade to detach twenty men for picket duty and to resume our march. At this point Benoit came up and told us to go home, that he was declaring the Riot Act and that we had thirty minutes to get home. Then he turned to his police and said: 'Go ahead, boys. Give it to them.'

"The police fired their tear-gas pistols. I looked around. Everyone was running and the police were after them with blackjacks and clubs. I made my way back to the union hall as quickly as I could and found about a hundred strikers there. Emilien Lacombe's two young boys had just been picked up by the police up on St. Laurent Street, and some of the strikers wanted to go to rescue them, but I told them not to give the police any excuse to go after us. Then a police prowl car started to pass the hall, and someone threw a couple of snowballs at it. The car stopped and backed up about twenty feet. I turned away and started toward the steps that lead to the hall with Adrian Dumas. I didn't hear anything, but my hat flew into the air. I reached over to pick it up from the ground and noticed a hole in the crown. Then Dumas fell beside me, and blood began to run out of his neck and face on the snow. Everyone broke and ran, and I looked back. Police officer Benoit Casgrain was still firing his revolver, and I am mortally certain that he was firing at me. I picked Dumas from the ground and carried him up the stairs into the union hall.

"I thought he was done for, so I called the priest, and I called a doctor. The first doctor I called told me that he couldn't come. His office was full of wounded strikers. So I called Dr. Marchand who is really a baby specialist. He told me to bring Dumas over.

"By this time Benoit had arrived. He was downstairs, outside the hall, and I went out and told him that I had a man with two bullet holes in him. I thought there were two, for the bullet went in his neck and came out through his jaw. Benoit told me to take Dumas to the doctor, so I went over to Marchand's office. It was full of injured strikers. I stayed there, helping as much as I could. Then they told me that everyone was being arrested, so I slipped away and made myself scarce."

Bellarmin Hemond is a butcher. He was roused by the fire siren that morning and he decided to see what was happening at the textile plant. So he cut across a field behind the church, together with other curious onlookers, and at the college skating rink he was in a grandstand spot. He saw the strikers come up. He saw Benoit speak to Gagnon. Then, he says, the police let fire with their tear gas. He did not see any striker attempt to attack a policeman. "The strikers didn't resist," he told me. "They ran. But it didn't do them much good."

Hemond beat a discreet retreat when he saw the chase was coming in his direction. He went back to his store, which is diagonally across from the union hall. There, he said: "Strikers were being pushed down the stairs of the union hall, beaten over the head with blackjacks and clubs, and those who were arrested were being tossed bodily into the patrol wagon. It seemed to be jammed with strikers, but they kept making room for more. It was an ugly sight, and I felt sick."

Jean-Paul Lamy, a striker, says: "We were marching along Notre Dame

Street and when we got to St. Martin we stopped a few seconds. I saw the police beside the company gate go into single file and I heard someone say, 'Keep moving.' That is what we were doing. I was at the front of the parade, among the first six, just between the houses of Racine and Dechene. Then I heard a policeman's bat hitting, and I ran into the yard beside Racine's truck. I heard a policeman fire twice and I heard someone swear. Someone else said: 'I forbid you to go on my property.' That is when I saw Paul Benoit, who was close to Dechene's house. He was reading from a paper and I heard a few words, something about the name of the Queen and going peacefully. Then I heard someone running, and I started to run away, toward the fence. I had my hand on the fence to jump over when I received a blow on my head from a stick. I don't remember anything else till I came to on the street. They were beating me and I cried to them to leave me alone, that I had had enough. I heard one of them say: 'All you have to do is to go to work, and you wouldn't get it.' I must have passed out then. I remember coming to again, and then passing out, I don't know how many times. And I remember many blows, and a kick when they put me into the patrol wagon. I was in there a long time, and I asked to see a doctor. An ambulance took me to the doctor, but when I got there I couldn't stand up. I fell on the floor. I wanted to talk, but I couldn't. I heard someone say: 'It's Lamy,' and I recognized the voice of Raymond Gagnon. I remember Abbé Dionne. I took his hand because I couldn't talk."

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IN YOUR BATHROOM

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ENAMEL**



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The oil paint that mixes with water — dries in one hour — one coat covers most surfaces including wallpaper — one gallon does a large room. There's no painty odor, so you can paint with your windows closed



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EARLY IN THE ARCTIC
FIRST IN YOUR GARDEN

me by the arm and told me to come with him, and I put my hand on my head and showed him my hand which was covered with blood. He took some handfuls of snow and he washed off my head and he did that two or three times. Then a policeman blew his whistle and he left me and I went to Dr. Delcourt."

Roland Beland works at the Louiseville Pulp Company: "I had a chance to get my brother-in-law a job where I work, so I left my home which is in the west end of the town at 6.05 a.m., so I could get over to his place in plenty of time to get him up. I was just crossing Notre Dame when I saw four police coming toward me from St. Martin. The first one asked me where I was going, and I said I was going to get my brother-in-law. A second policeman came up and he said: 'You are a — like the others and you're going to get a bat like them, too, you —.' Then he hit me on the head and I fell down. I asked them not to

hit me but to take me to my brother-in-law so I could prove I was telling the truth. They told me to go ahead and, when I turned, they hit me again with a bat and I fell on my knees. They kicked me in the back, and then in the side, and then I guess they left me there. I couldn't see for the blood in my eyes, and then my brother found me and took me to the Syndicate hall. They wiped the blood off my face and took me to Dr. Marchand's. Then they took me to the hospital in Three Rivers, but I fell asleep on the way and I didn't wake up until 7.30 that evening. I was asleep from 9.30 in the morning."

Lucien Fortin remembers that he was in a nearby yard when Benoit was reading the Riot Act. "I tried to listen, but he was too far away. There were about eight policemen at the gate of the yard and I was afraid to pass them. I thought that when he was finished reading they would give me a few minutes to go home. But as soon

CANADIAN ECDOTE



Sexton

Always a Wolfe at the Door

STANDING in a niche above a door of a building at St. John Street and Palace Hill, Quebec City, you can see a statue of General Wolfe which has a sentimental place in the lore of the ancient city.

When the British took Quebec the niche held a statue of St. John the Baptist. Wolfe's men were mostly Scottish Presbyterian and the owner of the building, fearing trouble, removed the saint. The niche stood empty until a butcher, George Hipps, bought the property.

Hipps had a wooden statue of General Wolfe carved by two French sculptors and placed in the recess. He also had a clause written into the deed of the property stipulating that a statue of the general should always stand there.

In 1838 the statue vanished.

Years later a large packing case was delivered to the mayor's office and the mystery was solved. Midshipmen from the British frigate Inconstant had stolen the statue for a lark, had taken it aboard ship and sailed off with it to Bermuda. Wolfe was uncrated and went back to his niche, from where for fifty years he watched two generations of citizens walk beneath his out-thrust arm.

At the beginning of the present century, city inspectors found the statue rotting and ready to fall. It was removed, treated, and given a warm resting place in the library of the Literary and Historical Society. It is there today.

In accordance with the deed of old Hipps, another statue of Wolfe now occupies the same niche.—Herbert L. McDonald.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

Get the right electric shaver and you'll get close shaves!

Just like a comb, the New Schick "20's" exclusive Bevelled Comb Edges guide whiskers into perfect position for skin-line shaving.

NO MATTER what your shaving method, no matter how great your skill, there's only one way to get really *close* shaves with comfort.

Keen, clean steel must meet your whiskers at skinline!

The New Schick "20" makes sure that it does, as no other shaver can—quickly, easily, surely—and with nary a nick, cut or scrape.

The reasons are many—born of Schick's greater experience, Schick's insistence on perfection. But let's start where better shaves start.

The New Schick "20's" scientifically shaped heads have tiny Bevelled Comb Edges. No other shaver has them, nor can match the way they line up whiskers for shaving right smack at the base!

It's the same everywhere on your face a whisker may grow—even in those mean little places around nose, lips and chin. For the "20's" heads are just the right size to glide in anywhere. Powered by a real rotary motor—mightiest of its size in all the world—it leaves nothing in its path but clean, happy skin!

That's why, from the moment you snap its handy Stop-Start Button, the New Schick "20" shaves you faster, closer, gentler. No wonder more men use Schick Electric Shavers than any other make!

See the New Schick "20" now at any Schick Electric Shaver Dealer's, or any Schick Electric Shaver Shop. And note that you can buy it for yourself—or as a gift—on the No-Risk 10-Day Trial Plan, described below.

NO-RISK 10-DAY TRIAL PLAN!

The New Schick "20" in saddle-stitched Caddie Case is only \$29.95. The New Schick "Colonel," with many features of the "20," is only \$22.95. Ask for either on 10 days' trial. If, in 10 days, you—or the man you give it to—aren't delighted with its close, comfortable shaves—return it and *every penny will be instantly refunded.*



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—better-built for closer shaves

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Black Diamond has sailed the Seven Seas in British ships since Nelson's time. From the Royal Navy, the popularity of this fine rum has spread through every walk of life . . . everywhere.

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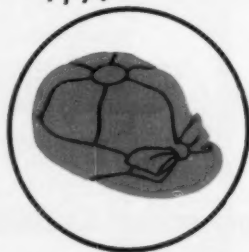


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CARLING'S

NEW Red Cap Ale



as he finished they came in with their blackjacks raised. When I saw them coming toward me I thought they were going to kill me. I ran toward the veranda, but just when I reached it, I turned and saw three police right behind me. One was in khaki. He hit me with a stick and I fell in the snow. Then the two police in blue hit me on the head with their sticks. I put my hands up to protect my head and one blow broke my nose. One police took me by the arm and pulled me to my feet and kicked me to the road. They hit me again in the back with their sticks and I fell again on the road. Someone kicked me while I was lying there, and then someone lifted me to my feet. I walked a little, then looked back and saw Lieutenant Contant. He brought me to the patrol wagon, and I asked to be taken to the doctor. Dr. Marchand wiped the blood off my head and nose and he sent me to the hospital to have my nose fixed. I was in the hospital seven days."

Phylis Beaudoin has a cleaning and pressing business, and does quite a bit of work for the provincial police in that respect. He is not overly sympathetic to the strikers' cause, but is known as a very stubborn man. He says: "I got up at 7.30 a.m., so I didn't know anything about the Riot Act. When I came to work my employees said there had been some trouble at union hall so I went over. There were quite a few injured men, and I helped them into Dr. Marchand's. Rock Dupuis wanted to go to his girl friend's home but he was afraid that the police would beat him up, so I told him to jump in the back of the car and I would drive him over. My little son was in the back, too. When we got as far as St. Martin Street I saw a lot of police and I guess I got flustered. I told Dupuis to duck down and we would try to pass. We would have, too, only my car splashed a policeman, and I had to stop. I told him that I would clean his uniform, but that was as far as I got. There were eight of them and they opened the door of the car and

pulled me out by the hair. They beat me up good, and they knew I was no striker. Lieutenant Contant was there and he saw me. He knows me. They arrested me and took me to Montreal, but they let me go finally at 9.30 in the evening, after I had gotten through to Germain Caron. I won't forget that."

Rock Dupuis tells the same story as Beaudoin, and adds a few more details: "The police punched us both, and I think Beaudoin got the worst, for he was bleeding all over. Someone said to stop hitting us as other people were watching. Inside the mill the nurse tried to patch Beaudoin up, and that's where I really got mine. They took turns punching me. I recognized one, but I didn't know the others. I got two black eyes. Sergeant Tapin took our names and addresses and ordered us in the patrol wagon. Then a policeman gave me a punch in the mouth and said: 'What are you making faces at me for?' On the second step of the patrol wagon he hit me in the eye. There were only two stops."

The melancholy story went on during the day. Marcel Leblanc, who works as a civil servant in the Unemployment Insurance office, was on his way to Mass. He was on the corner of Notre Dame and St. Laurent when he says he heard a shot. He saw a policeman on the other side of the street, and another one came toward him. He stopped and the policeman came up and said: "You must run, and run very fast." With that he hit Leblanc a blow and Leblanc turned and ran toward the church. Another blow on the back staggered him, Leblanc says. He cried out: "Give me a chance. I don't know anything about it." Then he reached the church and ran inside. The police did not follow him.

Emilien Lacombe is a tiny man, crippled, with a long intelligent face. He is in his fifties, and he suffers from asthma. He is a striker, and he came to the hall when the siren sounded. He joined the parade, but had to drop out before they reached the textile plant

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because of his asthma. He turned to go home, he says, and was about half-way down Notre Dame toward St. Laurent when he heard a policeman call: "Hi, hi. Get home." The next thing he knew, he says, he was being hit over the head with a stick. He put up his hand to protect his head, and his finger was slashed by a billy. When I saw it several weeks later it was still swollen to twice its normal size. He was lucky, he thinks, for a whistle sounded, and the police turned and ran in another direction.

And so the tale of violence and terror spelled itself out. I talked to bystanders who, like Bellarmine Hemond, confirmed the strikers' version of the affair at least in its general outlines. Paul Secard, who runs a candy and magazine store across from the union hall, saw the fateful snowballs that triggered the shooting of Dumas. He saw the strikers being kicked and beaten as they were pushed down the stairs of the union hall. Most "neutral" members of the community are profoundly sympathetic to the strikers. Bellarmine Hemond, a merchant, says: "Seventy percent of my trade is with the families of strikers. I carry them as much as I can, and I can tell you that I have just twice as much on the books as I had this time last year. I am at the limit of my resources. If the strike isn't settled it will be too bad for everyone."

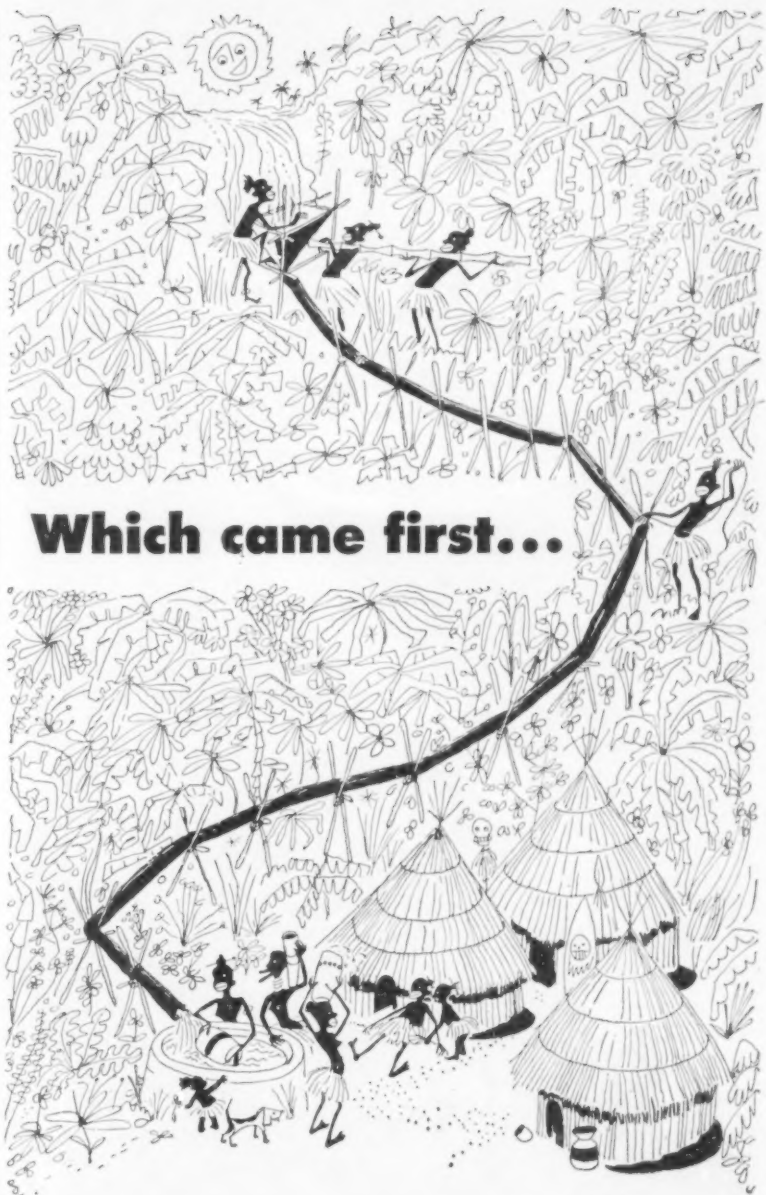
Too bad, too, for a typical striker like Hormidas Chevalier, who, at forty-four, has nine children between the ages of three months and thirteen years. He draws strike pay of fifteen dollars per week, plus a voucher for thirteen dollars and a food package that contains between eight and ten dollars' worth of groceries. At that, he is little worse off than he was at the plant before the strike, where he was making thirty-three dollars for a week of fifty-five hours. Because of layoffs due to slackness in the industry, he sometimes drew as little as sixteen dollars a week in 1951.

Hormidas Chevalier is better off than some strikers with fewer mouths to feed. A single man draws five dollars a week in strike pay, plus a voucher for two dollars and a food parcel worth about three dollars and fifty cents. Marriage rates him an additional one dollar for his wife, a voucher worth four dollars and a food parcel worth perhaps five or six dollars. For each child he gets another dollar strike pay, an additional dollar on his voucher, and a dollar or two more in food.

Many strikers have found other jobs. The union estimates that ninety have returned to work, two hundred have found jobs elsewhere, and that there are still four hundred drawing strike pay. The strike has cost the town something like a million dollars to date in lost revenue, and the merchants, like Bellarmine Hemond, are either completely extended in their credit, or heavily in debt to the bank. If the strike peters out from exhaustion, very little of the money brought into the town by the textile company will stay there, for the majority of the workers at the plant now come from the surrounding communities and they are not welcome in Louiseville.

As this article went to press, the strike was still in progress and threatened to fan out into a province-wide general strike of the Catholic syndicates. Like many others who have seen that, as in nearly all strikes, there is some justice on both sides. Monseigneur Donat Baril was predicting that unless a settlement came soon "Nothing but ruin faces Louiseville."

Beyond the blood and fears and bitterness that one fact, at least, is no longer subject to dispute. ★



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B-722

How the New American Government Will Affect Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

Taft's outburst had immediate effects.

"Durkin's best friend is Senator Taft," a labor man remarked sardonically. "If it hadn't been for Taft, Durkin would have been as obscure in the cabinet as he was in the labor movement. Now the two labor federations have closed ranks around Durkin and they'll back him to the hilt. Taft put Durkin on the map."

To that extent the Durkin appointment helped to unify the nation and sealed labor's pledge to co-operate with the new regime. The unanswered question is: What did it do to the Republican Party? What did it do to Congress, and to the relationship between Congress and the White House?

A ranking Republican senator, an Eisenhower man from away back, told me quite frankly that the Administration had started out on the wrong foot on Capitol Hill. "Even before we took office," he said, "quite a few important senators had their noses out of joint."

"It isn't that we want to dominate the Administration or dictate appointments, but we do want to know what's going on. If our choice for a given job is going to be ignored, at least we want to be told. We want to be able to save our own faces by ringing up the guy who didn't get the job and telling him why."

"Another thing—we politicians don't always choose ward heelers, you know. We like to get good men too, and sometimes we know more about it than the Administration. In my own state, for instance, they were all set to appoint a man who looked all right on paper, but I knew the guy and I knew he wouldn't do. I happened to hear about it before the announcement was made and the appointment didn't go through, but some of the other fellows haven't been that lucky."

I asked him whether this was a result of political inexperience, or whether the Administration was deliberately setting out to show who was boss.

"In most cases, pure inexperience," he replied. "If you ask them they will tell you it was never anything else. However, if you're writing a dope story I think you could fairly say that there might have been some element of deliberate intent in the case of Taft."

Senator Taft is a very powerful figure on Capitol Hill. Most of the Republican senators and congressmen were Taft men at the Republican convention—and among those who

GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE

By Harry Mace



MACLEAN'S

"What a fantastic figure!"

backed Eisenhower, several openly admitted they'd rather have Taft but thought he couldn't win. It was perhaps necessary for the Administration to have a showdown with Taft right at the start.

On the other hand there is reason to believe Taft is a less powerful man now than he was this time last year.

Some years ago the late Republican Senator Arthur Vandenberg, father of the bipartisan foreign policy, made a great speech in the Senate on behalf of international co-operation. It was followed by a vote in which Vandenberg's side won by a narrow margin. A reporter congratulated the aged statesman on this triumph of oratorical persuasion.

Vandenberg smiled. "I didn't persuade a single man," he said. "Some voted with me whose own opinion would have taken them the other way, but they didn't do that because of rhetoric. They voted my way because they weren't quite sure but what I'd be the Republican presidential candidate next election."

A year ago every Republican in Congress, whether he favored it or not, had to reckon with the probability that Taft would be the Republican candidate. Today it is clear that he will never play that role. The logic that once favored Taft now favors Eisenhower.

The same qualification applies, for slightly different reasons, to a number

NEXT ISSUE:

In the eighth of his picture essays for Maclean's

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of senators and congressmen with reactionary voting records. Many, perhaps a majority, are Republicans first and last. They voted against Democratic bills because they were Democratic, and would vote in favor of the same bills provided they were Republican. Southern Democrats like Harry Byrd of Virginia could afford to defy the Roosevelt-Truman Administration because they were invulnerable at home. Few Republicans can feel equally independent of Eisenhower, who ran ahead of his party in almost every state.

And there, of course, you have the biggest reason for the new cheerfulness about the Republican regime. Out of the fogs and mists of campaign oratory, the distortions and refractions of expediency, have re-emerged the record, the personality and the strength of President Eisenhower himself.

Eisenhower is firmly committed to the ideal of international co-operation. Contrary to some early reports just after he came home from Europe, he has a firm and clear grasp of the measures, economic as well as political, that are required to achieve this goal.

Men who have dealt with Eisenhower say he is impatient of detail but has a rare gift for singling out the essential. Shortly before Christmas he and Dulles visited United Nations in New York. The Indian resolution on repatriation of Korean war prisoners was still being debated.

Dulles' comments showed intimate knowledge of the subject and of every stage in the debate. He favored the resolution in principle but had some doubts about this sentence or that paragraph.

Eisenhower knew little of these details and cared less. He said merely, "It's a good idea and we ought to accept it. We must keep India on our side."

This was precisely the point which Canadian delegates had been urging on their American friends for weeks, so they were happy to hear it from the President-elect. And they were told it was typical of Eisenhower's approach to a problem.

In the whole field of foreign policy and foreign aid Eisenhower played too great a role in the making of present policy to emerge now as its destroyer. Changes will be in emphasis rather than in substance.

"We think we can give other nations the help they really need with less money," a senior Republican said. "I was in Europe a couple of years ago and the American agencies were falling over each other's feet. They had hundreds of people on staff and all of them from stenographers up were living like kings and queens."

"I think Harold Stassen (new Mutual Security Administrator) will be able to clean that up and save a tremendous amount. Of course he'll take a real hard look at the programs themselves, too. But I don't think anything of real worth is going to be thrown overboard."

That may be somewhat over-enthusiastic, but the fact is that foreign aid would have shrunk anyway, whichever party had won the election. President Truman, not President Eisenhower, presented the new budget to Congress last month. Two or three weeks before he had received a report from his own Secretary of Commerce, Charles Sawyer, which recommended immediate reduction and early termination of economic aid to allies.

Some types of aid may even be increased by the Republican regime. Weeks before the Republican convention Eisenhower told a friend that if he were elected he would do something to help the French in Indo-China. He knew France couldn't stand the drain

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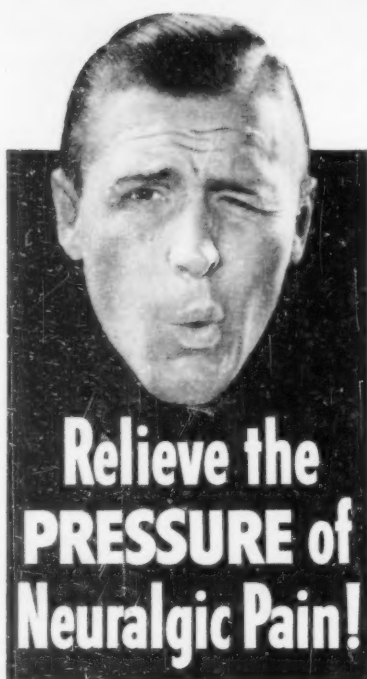
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It's better not to look inside.
Indeed, I'll never see, I think,
An inkwell that contains just ink.

P. J. BLACKWELL

of that bloody inglorious war much longer; she must have U. S. help in greater volume than she'd had it so far.

On the purely economic side Eisenhower and his advisers are strong for the integration of Europe, the removal of trade restrictions. They may prove to be more insistent on it than Europeans themselves will like. But at least they can be relied upon for a reasonable amount of consistency. They will do what they can to keep U. S. tariffs from going sky high at the very time they are exhorting Europe to wipe them out altogether.

The big question marks about the Eisenhower regime relate not so much to the principles of foreign policy as to the budgetary problem at home.

Eisenhower is pledged to balance the budget and cut taxes, in that order. Whether Congress will allow him to observe that priority remains to be seen. A number of special taxes, enacted after the Korean War broke out, will die in the calendar year 1953 unless Congress passes new laws extending them. Excess profits taxation, which Republicans especially dislike, will expire June 30. A post-Korea increase of eleven percent in personal income tax expires Dec. 31, and Republican politicians know they can hardly wipe out excess profits tax without doing something for the individual taxpayer too.

On opening day a bill went into the congressional hopper to make the personal income tax increase expire June 30 along with excess profits tax. Author of the bill was Daniel Reed, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee where all tax laws originate.

These expiring taxes, plus the equally temporary increase in corporation tax, now bring \$7.5 billions to the U. S. Treasury. The U. S. deficit for the current fiscal year will be about nine billions. Thus, if Congress lets existing war taxes die, Eisenhower will have to reduce spending by at least \$16.5 billions to balance the budget.

John Taber, the economy-minded Old Guardsman who chairs the House Appropriations Committee, sees no reason why it can't be done. "I am satisfied," he said, "that we could save four to six billions that are now being wasted in the armed services' purchasing system. Why, do you know there are ninety-three ordnance districts in the army alone, each with a big staff of officers, each doing its own buying, even bidding against each other?"

Taber also points to the swollen personnel of the U. S. government service—"two thousand State Department people serving in a group of countries which have two hundred people accredited here."

Most of all Taber looks at the huge volume of unexpended funds in the defense program, which now totals something more than one hundred billions for goods ordered but un-

delivered. The actual housekeeping of the armed services—pay and allowances, clothing, food and services—runs to only fourteen billions. It would be simple to balance the budget on paper, any year, simply by cutting out a few billion dollars' worth of items that can't be produced within twelve months anyway, and Taber is visibly tempted to do just that.

The catch is, of course, that the money is taken out of the budgetary pipeline and would have to be found later. Stable planning and stable budgeting would become impossible. Joseph Dodge, the ex-banker who is Eisenhower's Director of the Budget, has already warned Americans not to expect any "sixty-day miracles."

But behind the arithmetic of the 1953-54 budget there lies a problem in algebra. The X in the equation, the great unknown, is the level of the American economy in 1954.

Suppose for the sake of argument that Eisenhower finds a way to carry out his promise immediately and balance the budget without paralyzing the armed services. Presumably this would mean the sudden removal of sixteen billions from the total volume of U. S. investment. Some economists, even Republican economists, fear that this would precipitate a business recession of considerable magnitude. That in turn would cut federal revenues and create a bigger deficit than ever.

All Western countries are exposed to this threat nowadays, because all depend heavily on income tax. Canada gets more than half her federal revenue from personal and corporation income taxes, which of course would shrink like an April snowbank in a depression. But the United States is the most vulnerable country in the world in this respect. No less than eighty-three percent of all U. S. revenue comes from income tax, compared to forty-eight percent before the war.

This alone is enough to make Republican planners exceedingly careful about sudden and drastic changes in American policy. Even foreign aid, vulnerable this year under any administration, is an essential support to some major foreign customers; what would happen to certain American producers if these markets were abruptly cut off? Wise Republicans want an answer before anything irremediable is done.

For the one thing Republicans fear above everything else is another Republican depression. The last one kept them out of power for twenty years. Another, they feel sure, would ruin them forever. At all costs they intend to keep the economy running at full blast with full employment, high floor prices for farmers and all the rest of it.

If this should mean continuation of Democratic policies and the postponement of Republican ideals, Republican politicians will be distressed. But not so distressed that they will consciously, wilfully upset any applecarts. ★



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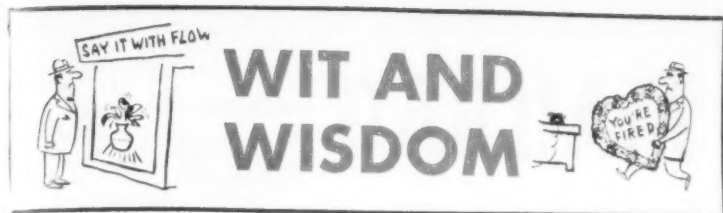
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BEDTIME BLUES By the time junior is tucked in at night mother is tucked out. *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.*

TOWN TOPICS A small town is where everybody knows whose cheque is good and whose husband isn't. *Elmira (Ont.) Signet.*

EXPERT PASSERS The provinces plan more high-grade highways. What's really needed are more high-grade drivers. *Oshawa (Ont.) Times Gazette.*

COSTLY CRUSH A young girl's ideal is easily shattered, says a writer. Maybe he's just broke. *Rouyn-Noranda (Que.) Press.*

RAT RACE The everyday walk of life is now a sprint for security. *Vancouver Province.*

DOCTOR'S DILEMMA We hear the old-fashioned family doctor has disappeared. Probably eloped with the old-fashioned girl. *Sudbury Star.*

POOR PITCH Often, it seems, some of the hit songs should have been missed. *Calgary Herald.*

COVERED GIRLS Beauty may be only skin deep but on some women it's half an inch thick. *Kitchener-Waterloo Record.*

MIGHTY MITES The only males who know how to handle women are still in the cradle. *Brandon (Man.) Sun.*

TAMING THE SHREWS A movie star was declaring his love to his prospective sixth wife. "But I've heard some awful stories about you, dear," said the girl.

"Don't worry about that," he replied. "They're just old wives' tales." *Saint John Telegraph Journal.*

NAKED TRUTH The teacher had rapped for attention and asked the First Graders, "Can any of you tell me the functions of the skin?"

"I can," volunteered one small boy. "It's to stop us from looking raw." *Toronto Challenge.*

PAY AS YOU GO A Scot traveling to London on a slow train roused the curiosity of his fellow passengers when he left his compartment at each stop, hurried into the station and rushed back to take his seat before the train pulled out. Finally one asked the reason.

"It's my heart," explained the Scot. "Doctor says I may drop off at any time so I'm buying tickets from station to station." *The Guardian of the Gulf, Charlottetown.*

LUCKY STIFF Two gangsters were escorting a member of a rival gang across a lonely field on a dark rainy night.

"What rats you guys are," groaned the doomed one, "making me walk through a rain like this."

"How about us," growled the escort. "We gotta walk back." *Moose Jaw Times Herald.*

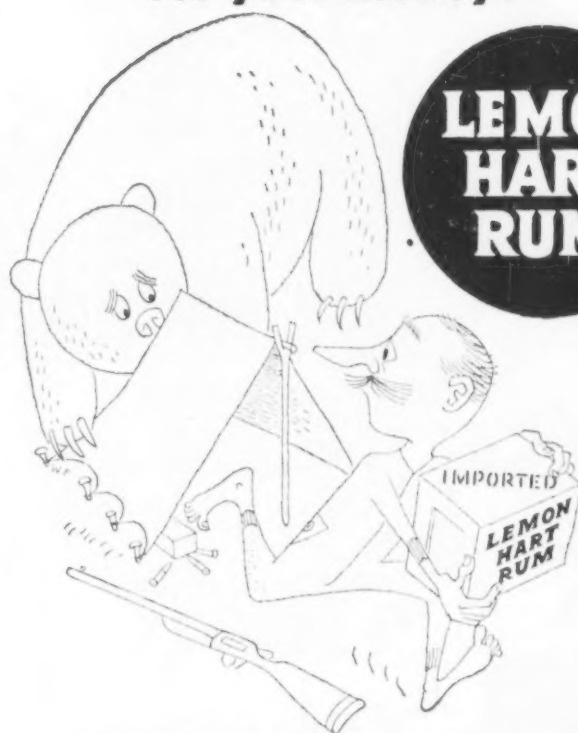
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MAILBAG



Did the Firing Squad Hit the Bull's-eye?

Sincere congratulations on the selection of *The Firing Squad*, by Colin McDougall (Jan. 1), as No. 1 choice in the story-writing contest. It's a swell job!—Owen J. Bennett, Abbotsford, B.C.

● You've done a lot of good fiction in your day. You've never done anything better than *The Firing Squad*.—B. M. Erb, Ottawa.

● The whole story is just plain foolish. —H. W. Kindree, Carberry, Man.

● Best I've ever read. —J. P. Gilders, Montreal.

● I have never read anything that has left such a bad taste. —W. Bentley, Cromer, Man.

● A truly well-written dramatic story of our boys overseas. —Paul Prisciak, Kamloops, B.C.

● That is some mess of tripe to be awarded a prize. —C. E. Wight, Yellow Grass, Sask.

● I was very pleased to hear that David MacDonald won one of the big cash prizes (second prize; Rory Peter's *Last Run*—Jan. 15). I knew from the quality of his first story, *Bluenose* in *Toronto* (July 1, 1952), that he would be a winner someday. I see by his photo that he has looks as well as brains: a very nice combination. —Ben Clark, Willows, Sask.

● *Sir Giles and the Knightfighter* (Dec. 15) is one of the cleverest bits of whimsy I have read in a long while. Praises to Jacob Hay for his rollicking tale and heartiest thanks to Len Norris for his illustration. —Jeannine Dawson, New York, N.Y.

The Shadow of the Censor

I am heartily in agreement with your editorial on TV censorship (Jan. 1). The censorship of movies here is nothing short of fantastic.

However, you erred when you said that Saskatchewan banned the picture, *Snake Pit*. All they did was add a foreword stating that conditions in the film were not prevalent in Sask. hospitals. —J. L. Hamilton, Montreal.

● My full support to your recent editorial on TV censorship. —H. Warburton, Riverbend, Que.

● I am against all forms of censorship and I realize that too many gentlemen of the cloth are all too eager to tell us what is good or bad for us; these self-appointed moralists must not be allowed to have their way. —Jean Munn, Saskatoon.

June in January

Allow me to congratulate you on the article by Barbara Moon, *The Wind That Brings June in January* (Jan. 1). I was of course familiar with the chinook but had never seen an adequate description and explanation. I have referred it to several friends who have

always been inclined to be a bit sceptical of the tall stories told about chinook winds. —J. Ross Tolmie, Ottawa.

● I should like to draw your attention to a most curious coincidence. In Barbara Moon's essay a caption, complete with illustrations, proclaims: "A favorite chinook yarn tells of a winter traveler who tied his horse to a post in the snow and bedded down. Came the chinook, the snow melted, the man awoke to find his horse hanging from the Morley steeple."

Now it so happens that the very same incident, excepting the name of the village, is described in *Narrative of Muenchhausen's Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia* (Oxford Press, 1785). —John R. Kohr, Ottawa.

And all the time we thought it was Bennett Cerf.

The Vanishing Male

The conclusions of Dr. Berrill's article, *Is the Male Really Necessary?* (Jan. 1) are entirely upside down, but they all point to the fact that the human male is the species . . . He has



of late gone much too far in making himself the humble servant of woman and her aims. —R. W. Harvest, Toronto.

The Not-so-secret Nightmare

Congratulations to Maclean's for a daring article—*The Secret Nightmare of Europe* (Jan. 1). I'd go a bit further and say that the tension isn't due so much to the presence of Russia as to American reaction to the presence of Russia. It's high time for Canada to throw off her mantle of a blushing maiden and get down to brass tacks. —J. Gonin, Belleville, Ont.

The Man Who Shot Santa

I would like to congratulate you on Fred Bodsworth's article, *Look What We've Done to Christmas* (Dec. 15). It was splendid, so good that our minister referred to it in his sermon. —William Forbes, Wyoming, Ont.

● I would suggest that you go one more yard and compile the number of people engaged in industries producing specialties, jewelry, liquors, post cards, etc., and do not overlook the dead railway and bus coaches brought back to life to handle Christmas traffic that have to be manned by people on special pay rolls, whose families enjoy

Christmas more because of the beggars who ride on horseback at Christmas time.—M. Reed, Walkerton, Ont.

The Transparent Orillians

Orillians read with special interest and appreciation Trent Frayne's excellent Flashback, The Erudite Jester of McGill (Jan. 1)—their fellow townsman Stephen Leacock.

As to the "argument" as to whether the characters in Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town were caricatures of living Orillians, Mr. Frayne says: "Leacock always denied it." In a letter to Mr. George Rapley Bunting, of Oakville, in September 1943 (on the death of the uncle after whom Bunting was named) Leacock wrote:

George Rapley of Orillia was for many years one of my best friends. When I wrote my Sunshine Sketches as a serial story in the Montreal Star (1912) I put George in under the name of George Popley. This and many of the other names were too transparent, such as Judge John McGaw for John McCosh, etc. A lawyer friend of mine, Mel Tudhope of Orillia, now Judge Tudhope, wrote me a mock letter threatening to sue me for libel against these people. It was only in fun, but it led the publishers to think it was wiser to alter the names, so in the book edition they are changed and George Rapley appears under the harmless name of Mullins.

This should settle the "argument" for good and all.—C. H. Hale, Orillia, Ont.

Karsh's Canada

In regard to your series of Karsh photographs, and particularly your Mailbag of Jan. 1, I wish to differ with those who put the "cinder in Karsh's eye." I would like to differ most heartily with Mr. Gordon Sinclair. I, for one, am getting quite tired of having my eyes and ears assaulted at every turn by Mr. Sinclair's dissenting opinions. Perhaps his ego could afford some little attention too, when he compares his talents with the (and here I quote) "poorly formed travelogue art" of that great champion of our own beloved country, Yousuf Karsh.—Robert Lallis, Toronto.

● Because Karsh is inclined to be eccentric with a pronounced impressionistic point of view it is to be regretted that thousands of ordinary readers should have this ultramodernistic material imposed upon them. No doubt he is a clever artist, but just the same we'd like to know something about Canadian cities.—Allen Roy Evans, Vancouver.

● Karsh's photos of Winnipeg, Edmonton, etc., were very good. I trust he will do as much or better for Toronto. It needs it.—Edmund J. Boughen, Vancouver.

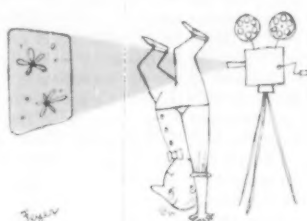
Be Kind to Uncle Sam

Allow me to quote Blair Fraser in Backstage at Ottawa (Jan. 1): "Make fewer nasty remarks about the neighbors."

It is really gratifying to know that an author of Fraser's recognized position is taking this sensible stand, after the amount of nonsensical criticism we have been reading lately in Canadian newspapers of everything and anything American.—J. U. Elliott, Vancouver.

Oh, Fiddle-de-dee!

Norman McLaren's film Fiddle-de-dee (Maclean's Dec. 1) came to us in a box from the National Film Board at the public school at Yellowknife in the N.W.T. We were entirely bewildered by it. Then we realized we



had run the whole film backwards. We ran it through again properly but really couldn't tell which way fascinated us more.—Mildred Young, Sutton West, Ont.

Did Winter Wipe Out the Buffs?

Re: Charles Neville's article, The Mystery of the Mighty Buffalo (Dec. 15) there is no mystery at all.

I am not exactly sure now of the year, but believe it was winter of 1882-83, when the whole western regions had an enormous snowfall. The usual graze of the buffalo was placed beyond their reach and they herded together and were engulfed.

The present site of Regina was, for years, known as the Pile of Bones, where hundreds of these animals were trapped and died of starvation. This condition was duplicated in many places throughout the plains.—C. Fraser, Regina.

That Picture of Elizabeth

Mr. L. Brock Coleman, of Warren, Ohio, in Mailbag (Dec. 1) refers to an article that he thinks should be posted in every Canadian home. He suggests that if there be no room we might take the Queen's picture down.

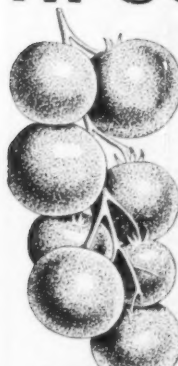
Mr. Coleman is one of that class of Americans who understands nothing at all of what "the Queen" means. She is a symbol, an institution, as old as history, a product of centuries of tradition. What a foundation to lean on! And what a Queen she is to love! —Mrs. David Stewart, Winnipeg.

The Robot on the Aisle

Movie critic Clyde Gilmour can't see Hutton, Grable, Dailey, Crosby, Hope. Who can he see? We go to the movies to be made to laugh and forget ourselves for a while; he goes as a robot to see what he is looking for.

Look what people said about The Greatest Show On Earth. It didn't stay here six weeks in one theatre and three in another because we are all morons.—A. R. Betts, Edmonton. ★

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You should do this because a cold is almost invariably accompanied by muscular aches and pains—and a headachy, feverish feeling. And for your own good, you need a medication that will relieve these distressing symptoms—relieve them quickly.

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Backstage at Washington

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

B. C., but they undertook to find out. They found the U. S. Navy hadn't heard of him either—not in Washington. But eventually they tracked it down to Seattle.

From Seattle, it seems, hundreds of U. S. servicemen, mostly sailors, like to go to Vancouver for the week end. Not long ago it occurred to their commanding officer that Vancouver might dislike this and be too polite to say so. He wrote to the mayor: Were the boys behaving themselves? Did the city need any help keeping them in order?

The mayor wrote back that the boys were well-behaved, the city was delighted to have them and they were no trouble. However, if the U. S. Navy wanted to send over a few shore patrol men to keep an eye on things, they would be welcome too. So the commanding officer sent a chief petty officer to live in Vancouver, and a couple of men to help him at week ends.

Canadian officials protest that they were not mad at anybody. They merely wanted to point out that the chief petty officer has no legal status in Vancouver and technically he is committing an assault every time he makes an arrest. They also note that he is still there, and welcome. Washington could be less inclined to sniff at this explanation if Canada had not been so sensitive on other occasions.

I should add that these minor irritations have not made the slightest

difference in the practical everyday co-operation of the two governments at the working level. Canadians stationed in Washington are continually amazed at the friendly and helpful treatment they get from opposite numbers in the U. S. administration.

"We have never asked them for anything we didn't get," said a man who works on procurement of strategic materials. "All we have to do is tell a reasonable story, make a reasonable case. Then they say okay, you can have it, and that's it. We don't have to worry about getting things in writing."

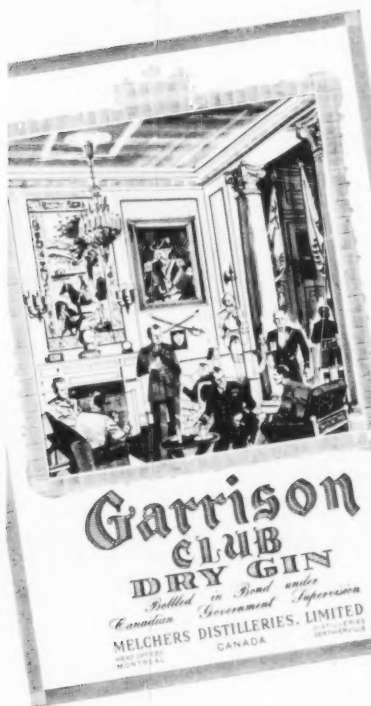
A recent case in point was the Canadian decision to extend the oil pipeline that supplies Sarnia, Ont., through Superior, Wis. The project will call for twenty-five thousand tons of oil pipe, which is one of the outstanding material shortages all over the continent. Canada put in the request rather late; oil pipe for the second quarter of 1953 had already been allocated. The Canadians came down, told their story to the U. S. petroleum people, and that's all there was to it. Allocations were shuffled around, and Canada will get her twenty-five thousand tons in May.

From a reporter's point of view the biggest differences between Ottawa and Washington are pretty well symbolized by the job of going to see a politician.

To see an MP in Ottawa you tap on his door, stick your head in and, if he's there, you sit down and have a chat. If he isn't you prowl around until you



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find him in somebody else's room, or in the cafeteria having a cup of coffee.

To see a senator or a congressman you call his office and the secretary puts you through to his executive assistant. He (or more often she) promises to call you back; Mr. Zilch is terribly busy but he will try to fit you in. Later she calls to say Mr. Zilch will see you tomorrow at 10.30.

You turn up at 10.25. At 10.40 the executive assistant comes out to apologize—Mr. Zilch is getting away behind schedule but it won't be long now. At 11.15 you get in to see Mr. Zilch, and by that time two or three more people are sitting outside waiting to see him.

A while ago a private study group published a report recommending that congressmen be paid more money so they would no longer be tempted into "unseemly" things like accepting special expense funds, and so on. A congressman already gets \$12,500 a year plus \$2,500 tax-free expense allowance. Canadian MPs get \$4,000 plus \$2,900 expenses.

A Canadian's first reaction is scornful: "Huh, that should mean a congressman is two and a half times as honest as an MP. There's no evidence of it."

After a few glimpses of a congressman's job you begin to wonder. These men have a lot more to do than answer their mail and vote. Each of them keeps a fair-sized staff busy—nobody I interviewed had fewer than four people working in his office, and the chairman of an important committee might have as many as eleven. The committees themselves have professional staffs. The House Appropriations Committee, for instance, is now hiring a dozen chartered accountants and about twenty-five clerical helpers, as well as borrowing twelve good men from the Comptroller-General's office.

These workers are paid by the U. S. Treasury, of course, but the congressman must also maintain an office at home which he pays for himself. He must do a lot of entertaining and a lot of traveling. It's not hard to see why Vice-President Richard Nixon, as a Senator, needed that extra \$18,000 "to represent California as she should be represented."

The United States has accepted the fact that Congress is a full-time job worth the services of a fifteen-thousand-a-year man, and seems ready to consider taking steps to make sure that he gets the whole fifteen thousand over and above all legitimate expenses. Of course they don't always get their money's worth—some congressmen would be dear at fifteen hundred. But Congress, like other democratic bodies, often puts its worst foot forward in public. There are plenty of able and distinguished men in Congress—if the U. S., like Canada, had to draw its cabinet from the legislature, the cabinet would not lack distinction. And even some of those with whom most Canadians violently disagree—Senator Taft, for example—are nevertheless extremely competent men whose scrutiny a wasteful bureaucrat may well fear.

Canada too has able men in parliament, but in Canada we still regard politics as a part-time operation. We expect to get, and by and large we do get, men who are worth a lot more than six thousand a year. The price we have to pay is that we get only part of their time and services. And that leads to a heavier price, a parliament that doesn't take itself and its duties quite seriously. It can't afford to.

Maybe we, too, ought to give some thought to hiring a full-time legislature, and paying what it takes to get the men we want in it. ★



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ANOVA SCOTIA mother boarded a crowded bus with three small children and was able to find a seat for the smallest beside a nun. In response to the mother's thanks as the family reached its destination the nun smiled and whispered, "Please don't tell your little girl I'm not really a penguin."

A scoutmaster, surveying the bed-roll of a young scout newly arrived at camp, came upon an umbrella and



enquired about the unmanly article. The boy looked painfully at the ground and asked: "Sir, did you ever have a mother?"

A passing truckdriver in Burlington, Ont., stopped to give two movers a hand with a piano wedged in a doorway. After working strenuously at one end for ten minutes he stopped pushing. "We're never going to get this thing into the house at this rate," he called. "You try this end." "Into the house," called back a mover. "We're trying to get the darned thing out!"

Sign on a coffee bar at Redcliff, Alta.:

"If you are one of those who douse cigarettes in coffee cups, let the waitress know. She'll serve your coffee in an ash tray."

A mother in Chase River, B. C., had impressed her daughter with the mannerly gesture of leaving a small uneaten portion on her plate at meal time. With great restraint the child managed to leave a little of her favorite orange pudding. Her father, seeing it as the meal ended, reached across and spooned the pudding into his mouth. The child pinned a baleful eye on her mother.

"Mommy," she said, crestfallen, "Daddy is eating my manners."

Science is moving the world ahead so fast in oil-booming Edmonton that practically no one was surprised with this theatre advertisement: **LADY GODIVA PLUS SHORTS.**

A farmer who does most of his driving around Buckingham, Que., with its one traffic light, was stopped by a red light in Hull. He pulled up, looked both ways and continued through. A policeman stepped out of nowhere, "What's the idea of going through that red light?"

"Why," replied the farmer, "we always do that in Buckingham if nobody's using the green."

A woman in Calgary was making application for a driver's license. "Do you know what it means if the driver ahead puts out a hand?" enquired the examiner.

"If she's a woman," replied the applicant, "it means she's going to turn right or left, back up or stop, pointing at a hatshop or admiring her ring. Or she might be . . ."

"What if the driver's a man?" interrupted the tolerant examiner.

"If it's a man," she smiled, "he's probably waving at a woman."

A couple, invited to look at television, sat down in a darkened living room after dinner with the host and hostess. As a program ended the visiting wife commented on it but drew no response. In the semi-



darkness she discovered her host was asleep, his chin on his chest. Her hostess was curled up in a deep chair, asleep, and her husband was snoring softly on the couch beside her.

There's just too much oil being discovered near Edmonton.

"Poor man," said one Edmontonian to his friend, "he was ruined by untold wealth."

"How come?" asked the friend.

"He didn't report it in his income tax."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



Blizzard victim

"You won't be able to get through tonight," the old storekeeper at the crossroads had warned him. "It's a blizzard. Better stay here. We've got a bed for you."

But he was in a hurry. No storm was going to stop him—not when he'd promised his youngsters he'd be home. So he started out.

This is where the man at the wheel of the big yellow grader found him in the morning. An emergency call brought the ambulance barreling over the recently plowed road. The doctor says he'll pull through.

The men who fight to keep our highways open all too seldom get the credit they deserve. The

moment there's a storm warning, they're out on the job. They battle through bitter cold and giant drifts without rest until the last road is cleared. Partners with them in their struggle against nature are versatile Caterpillar Diesel Motor Graders.

All year around, these sturdy yellow machines

are the work horses of highway departments—removing snow in winter, building and maintaining roads in other seasons. Their versatility also makes them invaluable in other fields, both civilian and military. Wherever you see them at work, you see machines doing a good, honest job.

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You've seen how wispy foam falls down on the job. But rich New Old Dutch suds tackle dirt, grease, grime in hard or soft water—soak them up and float them down the drain!

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Use wonderfully improved, snowy-white New Old Dutch—the one and only cleanser made with Activated Seismotite! Save time, steps, money—buy 2 cans. Keep New Old Dutch handy in kitchen and bath.



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